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THE ARTS

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Mr. Field's illness is pneumonia. His condition, however, is favorable, and we hope that he will soon be able to return to his work.

THE TOUCHSTONE MAGAZINE

THE ARTS

AND AMERICAN ART STUDENT

A JOURNAL APPEARING EVERY MONTH DURING THE ART SEASON
AND TWICE DURING THE SUMMER

Copyright, 1922, by Hamilton Easter Field

Vol. II.

REVIEWING FEBRUARY, 1922

No. 5

COMMENCING with this issue THE ARTS is enlarged to a ninety-six page magazine. The extra sixteen pages will be devoted to the older forms of art. It will mean that the message of our magazine will be fuller, more vital. Modern art is usually less vital than the great art of the past. With us art is frequently merely a decorative element in our lives. It is seldom our very life itself. With the old Chinese artists, with men like Giotto and Piero della Francesca, art was life. Our ennui comes from our lives being too shallow. To the Chinese artists, to Giotto, to Piero della Francesca life was infinitely precious. They did not live superficially.

One of the great handicaps which we, who are the heirs of the ages, have is that we do not easily find our places in the great world of art. A man with the spirit of a Fragonard is taught to paint in the style of Cézanne. In the clash of spirit and alien matter the clear conception of aim is lost.

THE ARTS is now presenting to its readers a varied menu. All sorts of art are reproduced in its pages. Be true to yourself and hold fast to that art which you naturally like. Be sure, however, that the art you like is not a style which has been imposed upon you from without. Become a child again and enjoy as a child does instinctively. The child's appreciation is less intelligent than that of a man whose taste has developed normally, but it is infinitely more natural than that of the average man who admires what he has been taught to admire. That is the terrible thing which has happened. In our appreciation of art we are but echoes. You are individual in taste when it comes to what you eat. Why be less individual in matters of art?



We are bringing out this issue under unusual circumstances. Mr. Field, our editor, is suffering from bronchitis. He has two admirable doctors and two nurses who are ready to do anything to bring him through. Everything so far has gone very favorably but the doctors have made it clear to us that if we allow him to do anything of any kind they would not answer for his life.

When we said this to him this morning he only laughed and said, "Well, I suppose that I have to let these folks have their own way just this once."

We have found among his things the beginning of an article on Maitre de Moulins. Few people know that it is not as a connoisseur of modern arts that Mr. Field is best known abroad but for his knowledge of all sorts of unknown, out-of-the-way old masters. He will, doubtless, let you have the article in the next number of THE ARTS.

There is no article to go with Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," but we don't know that he needs an introduction. There are several other bad holes but you know already what is the case.



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PORTRAIT OF A LADY

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WOOD CARVINGS IN WELLS CATHEDRAL CHOIR

By THE EDITOR

TWENTY years and more ago my mother and I drove through large portions of the west of England. From Barnstable we drove to Ilfracombe, from Ilfracombe to Lynton, on to Ponlock, Taunton, Bridgewater, Wells, Glastonbury Abbey, Bath, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Malvern, Worcester. It was an ideal way of traveling. The cost was not very much greater than going by rail and we saw the country almost as well as if we had walked. We had found May and June ideal months for traveling in England. In each town we took "lodgings" (a suite of rooms in a dwelling) and had our meals served in our rooms. It cost little more than going to a hotel and, as the "season" had not yet begun, we had a choice of lodgings, and everything

was done to make us stay longer in each town than we had planned.

At Wells we had lodgings close to the cathedral and it was all so beautiful that we lingered on day after day. For those of you who do not know the cathedral I am reproducing a drawing of the choir and south transept as seen from the southeast. But it is not of the exterior of the cathedral that I wish to speak now but of the beautiful carvings on the under side of the seats of the choir stalls. They are superb specimens of Gothic carving and date I should say, from about 1360. The wood, as I remember, is oak and the beauty of the carvings themselves will be patent to all who see these reproductions.



WOOD CARVING

WELLS CATHEDRAL



WOOD CARVING

WELLS CATHEDRAL



WOOD CARVING

WELLS CATHEDRAL



WOOD CARVING

WELLS CATHEDRAL



MORNING GLORY

KORIN

KORIN

By YONE NOGUCHI

KORIN'S attitude towards flowering plants is neither troubled nor annoyed by any theory, although he believes as I believe, I am sure, that the theory is but a sense of adoration distilled and then stiffened. Let me say that Korin's attitude towards them is accidental; but this accidentalism always moves in harmony or coincides with the internal inevitability; therefore his attitude is in all respects so natural. Korin never treats the flowers and grasses decoratively, because they themselves are already decorative enough without being given any special emphasis. I think that I do not agree with people (many both in the western countries and Japan) who attempt to cover Korin in flowering plants or any other subject with a phrase of the decorative artist. The most certain thing is that no real decorative art would be realized merely through the point of technical emphasis, however skillfully it were executed. The decorative art of Korin (let me call it so for the present) is an inevitable outcome of his natural, therefore essential, attitude. Who can deny that only the thing most natural can be the thing most decorative? Korin's attitude towards flowering plants is natural, because in his pictures he never especially tries to restrict or modify their beauty. He is the artist whose love of their selection is not foolishly fastidious. As an admirer of flowering plants Korin's real artistic value lies in the fact that he freely lets them sing their own essential beauty, or deliberately lets them keep their own silence, on paper or silk or lacquer. And it is the best, I believe, when they sing alone. In the best part of Korin's works he drew their pictures in the position of soloist.

Once I heard a story of the morning-glory in the garden of Rikyu, a famous tea-master of the sixteenth century, (the rapturous face of the summer dawn) which inspired Taiko, the great warrior-prince, to pay Rikyu an early morning visit. It goes without saying that the morning-glory, as I once wrote, with a face only too happy to die when all the prayers are told, was then a new floral wonder, having just been brought from China. On the appointed day, it is said, Rikyu, the most æsthetic of all æsthetes, bade his men pull and throw away all the morning-glories from the garden, although he knew that they were the only object for Taiko's call on him; he swept and washed the stepping-stones of the garden path, called *roji*, the passage into self-illumination or the holy teism, and waited the arrival of the great prince. The great prince,

into whose vision not even one glad face of the morning-glory, feeling the breath of sunlight, entered, was greatly displeased. With a frowning countenance Taiko approached the tea-room under the world-wearied trees by the solitary granite lantern, and rigidly inquired of Rikyu where he planted the flowers of which he was so proud. Rikyu did not reply. Taiko of course was obliged to enter the room with a bad grace. But when he entered the room, lo! there at the *tokonoma* just one glad face of the morning-glory, breaking the invisible chamber of the dark, at once winsome and delicate like a forgotten rainbow or an angel's lips parted from being charmed, welcomed the great prince.

It was the great art of this tea-master that he sacrificed all the other morning-glories only to make one morning-glory shine with a queenly distinction. My imaginary eyes can see clearly, I think, whenever I recall Rikyu's attitude the face of the selected one almost spilling tears from too great joy. And at the same time I think that a death such as that of the other sacrificed flowers, is never a dog's death. This Rikyu's æsthetic attitude is at once the attitude of Korin towards flowering plants or trees in art. See his picture of a single stalk of peony flaming like a sunset fire, or a wistaria drooping with calm like peace, or a vine of the morning-glory crawling with a dog-like sense of smell, or a camelia feeling all the breath of the sunlight. Again see his picture of an age-unknown plum tree sitting cross-legged like a world-wearied saint with the beacon light in his heart, or a maple tree shedding its leaves like falling golden poems. What Korin wishes to invoke in his art is nothing but the suggestion of beauty. Like Rikyu who sacrificed all the morning-glories except one (or a Japanese connoisseur of arts), Korin always presents to you just a touch of the flowers or trees,—a single life or light on the darkness called universe; he never brings out at one time a whole number of things. In this attitude he has a great distinguished artistic value. He teaches us the secret of how delightfully to leave a full and empty space in the picture, or how to cover up the space of the picture with the most delightful emptiness. You may say that that is the decorative art of Korin if you will; but I believe that Korin only noticed and gazed on the accidental gesture of nature, and let her sing her own song or songs in his art. And he knew that when she sang her essential beauty most successfully, was the time when she stood in her solitude.

I know of course that the beauty of flower and tree would not refuse to mix with other natural beauty; but through the virtue of silence, solitariness or independence, I believe, the flowers and trees rise and shine at their highest mark. When they have to mix with the others, however, they will heat themselves first and then set themselves to motion in song. (It is plain enough, by the way, that the beauties of human life never do mix well till they gain a fire of love.) It is really wonderful, I know, to observe how well through the fire of rhythm the flowers and trees mix with the other natural phenomena and complete a song of harmony. They mix well with clouds and stars. They mix well with mountains and stones. They mix well with bird and stream. And on the other hand it is surprisingly wonderful to see how strictly those natural phenomena know their own places, and rarely trespass on the others. Their best effort is always worked in a rhythmic action. But when they are obliged to mix with the others and sing their songs in harmony, I think that in most cases their individuality is slightly impaired or wounded.

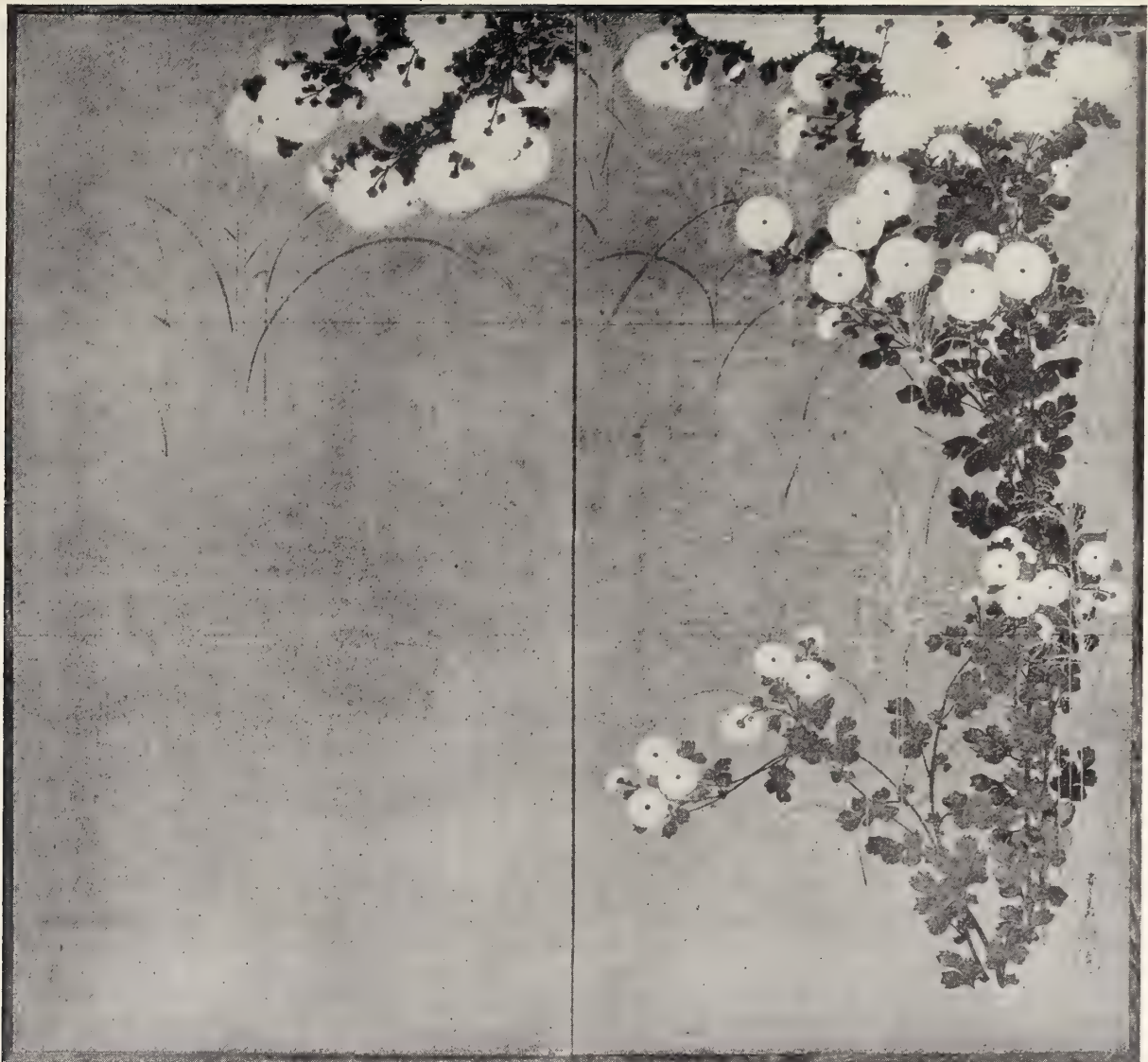
Now see Korin's picture of the camelia and butterfly, or the marsh-reeds and snowy heron, or the sea-gulls and billows. See his picture called the "Strand of Suma," in which the plovers and sea-waves are painted, or that of a hydrangea and hare, or a stork and plum-blossom, or the maple leaves and wild deer. If as a whole the things in those pictures keep an unmistakable love and a beautiful natural kinship, I think that it is only gained from the real sacrifice of a certain individuality in the things painted there. Therefore, I say that any natural phenomenon attains her height of worth when she commands silence, solitariness and independence, when she is all by herself, alone and separate. And I say that such great dignity and grace of natural phenomena is most successfully symbolized in flowers and trees which Korin painted separately. Whenever I see them, solitary and graceful as silver-voiced soloists, I cannot help feeling an august sanctity as from an art of holy subject. I confess that I feel almost like crying for sheer joy when I see them. I adore Korin, first of all, as an artist of flowers and trees. Certainly Korin is a great artist not only in Japan but in the whole world.

I wrote somewhere in my essay on Japanese poetry: "To attach too closely to the subject matter in literary expression is never a way to complete the real saturation; the real infinite significance will only be accomplished at such a consummate moment when the end and means are least noticeable, and

the subject and expression never fluctuate from each other, being in perfect collocation; it is the partial loss of the birthright of each that gains an artistic triumph. I have a word which is much used, carelessly, in the West, but where true meaning is only seldom understood, that is the word of suggestion. I have an art; that is the art of suggestion. What suggestion? You might ask. I will point the way, if you are given a right sort of artistic susceptibility, where the sunlight falls on the laughter of woods and waters, where the birds sing by the flowers and let you feel how suggestion comes and goes."

There is no teacher for this art of suggestion but yourself; and the seeing and understanding of a superficial beauty that flows in through your physical eyes would never enrich and strengthen your art. It is true, I think, that it is necessary to cut away all your material desire towards the visible beauty with your strength of artistic bravery. You must have, of course, a great energy to gain a spiritual assertion, and a tireless persistence to be content with the invisible things. Your consciousness of life and world alone protects your insularity of the suggestion art. And you can make it your own for the first time, when your tensible thoughts are distilled to the culminating point. I think I will be right in saying that this art of suggestion comes out only from the real pride of soul and the real economy of artistic strength, and technically, perhaps from a tacit denial of the rhetoric of inessential words. It is quite easy to speak about the futility of inessential words, but it will never be realized without the true economy of inner thoughts.

Now Korin's attitude, at least in his dealing with the flowers and trees as a soloist, I am happy to think, can be well compared with that of a suggestive poet singing the poem "with no word, not tyrannized by form." Korin's art is not a thing which degenerates itself into an art existing only on the canvas. His art is a spiritual world beautifully wrapped by the limpid atmosphere, where a mystical god of silence strays in freedom, where raptures and thoughts always commingle. Any artistic mind would be delighted to feel, from Korin's pictures of solitary flowers or trees, a sense of eternity and voiceless blessing of solitude. Whenever I see them, I feel myself being shown the way by a strange lonesome dim light, and approaching slowly the sacred house of true realism. He is certainly a realist in the truest meaning, not an idealist who is often weak and sometimes irresponsible; one who judges Korin merely as a decorative artist is blind, I believe, to his larger and much more essential quality.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS

KORIN

Courtesy of Y. Takahashi

Technically the art of Korin, not only in his pictures of flowering plants and trees but also of any other subject, as I have already suggested, is a thing eliminated or condensed to the extreme point, where any change in addition or omission would imperil a spiritual organism of the picture. Korin adjusted and regulated the traditional methods till he mastered a technical freedom through which he realized his own artistic deliverance. See what a suggestive lucidity, something like an elf of light and shadow, is sheltered in his pictures. See how the intensity subsides and the ecstasy becomes silent in them. See again how Korin created his own artistic soul when he forgot the earthly confusion of life

and desire. He is a magician in the best sense of the word, whose talismanic wonder, as in his gold screens or silk or lacquer, dances on the wire of music.

His pictorial magic, as far as it is seen in technique, is evoked from the manner in which he handles the empty space in picture, let me say, in which he leaves the space unfilled. This full and empty space of Korin's pictures is not merely a space or emptiness, but a substance itself. It has more value, in fact, than the part of reality painted. We have a thousand Japanese artists old and new, who are taught the mystery of pictorial space, but Korin is certainly the best of all with its management.

Korin is a master who makes the space perfume and swing softly yet vividly, like a shadow or ghost that surprises and kisses life's breast. It is not too much to say perhaps that Korin's main value hangs on this one point.

One of my friends in the Asakusa district, Tokyo, holds a little private exhibition of Korin's hanging-rolls and screens on the fourth of January, every year, at his house overlooking the Sumida river where the water peacefully flows responding to the people's greetings of the season. My way to the exhibition as he writes in his invitation, "being true to the tradition of the new spring," the lines written by Hoitsu of the early nineteenth century, a distinguished decadent and follower of Korin's art, in his popular song called Haru no Akebono or "Dawn of the Spring," ring in my mind saying: "From a two-leaf screen in the entrance-hall a pair of the cranes drawn in the Korin style will greet the joy of the age till the end of eight thousand years." Nothing could be more appropriate for the New Year's decoration than Korin's cranes, the most lordly symbols of peace and joy, at one's entrance-hall where gorgeous happiness of the returned spring steps in first. But if you cannot get a picture of cranes, any other picture will serve well when it is drawn by the huge princely arm (not merely the hand, I remind you) of great Korin whose golden art born in the golden clime makes a fitting background for the happy pageant of life.

Among the pictures exhibited at my friend's house, I see a two-leaf screen whereon many does and one stag in dark-red color are presented on the silver background already turned dark. Of course you have to admire, first of all the settled calm atmosphere of the picture where still a ghost of the former splendor is seen. Against the leaf where some fifteen does group together quite in the female gossip-loving fashion, the other leaf has only one stag proudly tossing his commanding head into air. What a large empty space there is in contrast with the other leaf covered heavily with pigments! This is the secret of Korin's art, a delightful surprise that twists nobly "something" with "nothing," you might say, voice and silence, or to use a Japanese expression, truth and falsehood (*Kyo jitsu*), into a compact art. This large space in the picture is the "emptiness" invigorated, in fact, with a fuller and richer life; that is only expressed through negation. And its pictorial weight is never lighter, I am sure, than the other leaf which has no empty space. My admiration grows still greater when I see in this screen that Korin does not permit the perfectly empty space to be spoiled even with his signature and

seal. And on the other hand, when he drives his signature and seal into a narrow corner by the feet of the does, at the bottom of the other leaf of the screen, I am glad that he succeeds in making its pictorial sense of intensity still stronger. Korin is, as I already said, a magician in whose hand the mystery of how to make the painted and empty space balance, is hidden in a thousand variations. As much as his painted part is living with animation, his empty space is also living with suggestion; therefore they meet on equal terms in his pictures. No artist in the world but Korin, I think, holds such wonderful magic. Hoitsu is a great artist, as I wrote before, as Korin's remarkable follower, but in the matter of the management of the space in his pictures he falls greatly behind.

There is among Korin's famous works a pair of two-leaf screens called *Fuhaku Raijin* or "Gods of Wind and Thunder," where the two aerial gods with such extraordinary faces ride triumphantly across the wind and clouds. My mind's ears almost feel that they hear the booming of drums beaten by the thunder god in the picture. Both of the screens, useless to remark, are painted most gorgeously on golden backgrounds. The screens are also famous on account of their backs which contain the picture called "Autumnal Flowers in the Storm" by Hoitsu, where the Chinese agrimones, bell-flowers and ivies are thrown down by the violent winds. This work of the Gods of Wind and Thunder is an imitation of the same subject drawn by Sotatsu, a famous master of flowers and trees to whom Korin paid a student's obeisance, and is treasured today at the Kenninji Temple of Kyoto. But I remind you, this imitation is quite a legitimate thing in the pictorial world of old Japan, when it does not stay merely as an imitation, as in this pair of Korin's screens where the wonderful execution in colour and action simply covers the loss in impressive nobility of the original. And another great specimen of Korin's copy from Sotatsu is found in the most famous pair of screens covered with the picture of wild yet silent sea waves from which huge rocks stand out. The work is owned by Baron Iwasaki, Tokyo, and was once exhibited at the Anglo-Japanese exhibition; any one who has seen Sotatsu's original in the Freer collection of Detroit of America, would never doubt the independence of Korin's claim to existence, because of the more pronounced modulation in color and treatment, a wonderful result of Korin's stronger sense that combines controlling power and rhythmic passion. In such a work Korin outshines his master, you might say, he out-Sotatsus Sotatsu. Having no mind to

criticise Sotatsu myself as I always regard him in some respects as a far nobler artist than Korin, I am glad to see here the living proof that even an imitator, when he is great, can easily make something new and more brilliant blossom from an old thing which he remodelled. Therefore this copying is in reality not a submission but a challenge.

Now return to the screens of the Gods of Wind and Thunder. I do not mean to ask you to particularly admire the painted parts, because for me the large empty space surrounding the figures, that suggests the flood of wild air with the fretful earth spinning far below, is more important artistically; in truth, even among Korin's numerous works, this work is absolutely incomparable in the way it treats the empty space in the picture. Oh, what a talismanic space! Oh, what a magical artist with space! I am always glad to think that Korin does not place a bird or a butterfly in the empty space of another famous picture called the "Iris," once an heirloom of the Honpo Honganji Temple of Kyoto, in which, as a European critic aptly imagines, the gold ground serves splendidly as sunlight. If Korin breaks this wonderful space with a dot or line, I am sure that the lyrical beauty of the irises as a soloist is somewhat impaired. When one sees how beautifully the spotting of empty spaces saves his art from general monotony in the pair of screens called the "Thirty-Six Master Uta Poets," the mystery of his rhythmic mood, sometimes tantalizing and always charming, will be found in this management of space.

My imaginary eyes can see many an European painter and critic standing before Korin's screens of sea-waves and rocks at the White City some years ago, of which I spoke before, one of them exclaiming "This is grand," and the other, "I feel that I am a prince seeing such a picture painted with a prince-like feeling." Among them is Charles Ricketts who is delighted to tell you his impression in the following words: "A grey sea bent into fantastic waves moves silently beneath great golden drifts of clouds with an uncanny force, as if controlled by the spell of some Eastern Prospero; such a sea would leave the dress of Ferdinand unwetted, and become calm at the bidding of Ariel. Huge boulders stand out; they are volcanic in color, and about them some vivid trees have clambered, that flourish and exult in the brilliant light of this changeless place where a fairy storm rolls on in silence for ever. What I have described suggests possibly an element of tragic splendor; this is not the aspect of the work itself, which is brilliant and almost gay: Am I right in divining something at

once impressive yet exultant in the art of Korin?" This is the language beautifully spoken.

I am glad that Korin represented himself at the White City with this work which sufficiently warranted him in being one of the most distinguished artists in the history of the world. Indeed it was Korin who discovered the meeting ground of æsthetic value and symbolic expression from which a Japanese decorative sense developed wonderfully. Again it was Korin as an immediate follower of Koyetsu and Sotatsu who rescued the art of his day from the meditative sad sentimentalism of objective art with a new symbolical adventure which opened a genuine vista of Japanese art from the ignoring of a limitation of fact; although he was often arbitrary in his way and set perhaps too much value on his consciousness, he never was merely capricious. His work is really a result of his astonishing energy that is economically arranged with a sense of rhythm. He is never womanish like many other followers of the later days. If he has gaiety, that gaiety belongs to men. Mr. Ricketts says rightly: "Korin's gaiety is that of buds upon huge trees."

Korin whose prince-like feeling made splendid use of gold screens has painted many important works with sea-waves as his subject. I myself saw quite a number of screens with waves, all of which could not be called genuine, since already in his day a forgery, an imitation with commercial purpose, assumed a nonchalant air even in his sight. I am sure that Korin did not condemn it with an equally prince-like benevolence. Among the works into which Korin breathed his magnanimity in swelling waves, the ink-case called "Sumi-no-Ye Suzuribako," the property of Baron Iwasaki, as the name indicates, with a design in association with Toshiyuki Ason's *uta* poem about the Sumi-no-Ye strand, has perhaps the most unique distinction for the reason that the artist's magic covered this small thing with his prince-like large feeling in design. On every side of the box the golden waves are painted. Leads are spotted representing the shore, and with inlaid silver the characters of the poem are written, but the two words "strand and wave" being suggested by the design itself. This is Korin's characteristic idea that always astonishes and delights us; indeed, his imagination, not merely his fancy, comes riding on the whisper of his conscious passion for beauty. Korin also designed in waves the inside of another famous ink-case, "The 'Eight-Bridge Ink-Case,'" owned by the Imperial Museum. This ink-case is separated into two sections, the upper shallow box for an ink-stone, and the lower deep

box for letter-papers; the black-lacquered outside is decorated with irises, the leaves and stalks in gold dust, and the flowers in inlaid green shells. Lead is used for the bridge, and silver for the bridge-posts.

One of my friends uses a catch of plover originally designed by Korin for the sliding screens of his drawing room. An exceedingly plump bird this is. But when I was told by a geologist that plover is only a bird little and insignificant in appearance, having nothing to charm people, I could not help exclaiming: "Korin never imitates the real shape of plover. Korin creates his birds and only calls it plover. That is Korin's worth." I had on several occasions before seen Korin's *kakemonos* and screens of plum trees; and here by my table on which I am writing now, are laid spread out a few color-prints of plum-blossoms reproduced from his work, the pictures of the cup-like large flowers perching like a bird or butterfly upon a branch that shoots out from the huge old trunk. The shape of the flowers is crooked too. But there is in the picture a certain unspeakable, magnificent atmosphere in which an undaunted ghost breaking winter's threat, sings out the coming of the new spring with a voice of the prophet Jeremiah or John the Baptist. Judging them from the point of reality, they are too large for plum-blossoms and are crooked as I said just now. Like that Western poet who wrote of all heaven in a wild tiny flower, you must see, first of all, Korin's artistic attitude in giving these plum-blossoms a dignity of the absolute existence which spills infinity through their petals. Korin never values nature by size or weight; he gives everything he painted such a mighty sense of the center of the universe, from the little blushing morning-glory by the bamboo fence to the Fuji Mountain speaking to the clouds. He is an artistic nihilist who looks upon all the phases of nature equally. He is an egoistic giant whose life, as some writer says, gesticulates sometimes with arrogance and often with fantasy; his artistic egoism makes him walk life's highway with a prince-like splendor. Really the art of Korin who "feels that he is a prince when he paints," is an art of six-leaf gold screens, gorgeous, exhilarating, even flashy and gay.

But alas, who knows the lonely side of his golden gaiety? Who knows his solitary thoughts that pick and gather the sigh of autumnal flowers and grasses from the rapture of light? Korin is a gold screen with that gold that is silent. Without the understanding of his voiceless solitude that seeks the way of twilight toward poetry sad and old, no one will really understand him. With a silent profundity his gay exultance links itself with the mystery of star

and heaven. When Mr. Ricketts says that Korin's gaiety is that of buds upon huge trees, I am glad that he, at least, in the West, appreciates him properly.

There is no more interesting time in Japanese history than the Genroku period, when Japanese life having nearly forgotten the boorish fight and cruel blood, with the soldier class comfortable in the reminiscences of their grandfathers' fame of swords, and on the other hand, with the lower society released for the first time in liberty and wealth, made a splendid background for Korin's activity. (The Genroku period, by the way, was only sixteen years, 1688-1704, but it is thought quite right that we shall include under that general category the Tenwa, 1681-1684, and the Teikyo, 1684-1688, before the Genroku, and also the Aoei, 1704-1708, which succeeded the Genroku period.) When we say that Korin is the artistic representative of this period, that is because general society, sudden blossomed with an unrestrained air of prosperity, eager and zealous with a wild desire for anything extraordinary, responded at once to the golden imagination of Korin on screens or lacquer. With the support of the age Korin became a leader in the quest for emancipating the populace in art. It is easy to imagine how the city men, with money and time, vied with each other in their household appointments or the splendor of their wives' dresses. Not only on the screen or silk did Korin draw his art, but also on the bodies of women, since with a plain design on the pure black *kimono* with a white lining, he made his own "score," in making one lady eclipse the other gorgeously attired women in a dress contest. That is his favorite game, as in his pictures, to conquer the substance with nothing, the voice with silence.

But Korin is nothing if he is merely an affirmant of the age, or an eulogist of wealth and success. As son of Soken, a calligrapher who learned a secret from great Koyetsu, and a general appreciator of arts, Korin's poetical mind was able to read between the lines of life's song whose sorrow kissed joy; like a prophet who heard the voice of dawn in the heart of midnight, he felt the sadness of his age in which the tension of society already began to relax, and people drifted into its way in spite of themselves, from which the song of lamentation took its flight. Indeed, the period generally known as Genroku trembled in pain under its gay fantastic surface. Again the art of Korin made its brilliant aspect more endurable with the sadness that bridged Heaven and Earth. He was a serenader of life who gradually entered into paganism to save himself



SUMI-NO-YE SUZURI BAKO

(An Ink Case)

KORIN

Courtesy Baron Iwasaki

from provincialism. The great thirst for expression made him silent; he sought an emancipation of life in solitude.

The season is the spring of springs of the Genroku era, when the eastern wind of wealth and gallantry stirs up life to song. The place is Arashiyama, near Kyoto, where the flower-clouds draw a curtain crosswise. We see a pleasure boat paddling down the Oigawa river, where white ripples and fallen red petals embroider a hundred fantastic

crests; in a party of plutocrats in the boat, our Korin, well-built and somewhat stout, cuts a distinguished figure. (I think that Korin was the possessor of a strong body, since robust health alone could create such an art as his.) As the noon time approaches, those greasy plutocrats begin to open their luncheon boxes, gorgeous affairs both without and within. But where is Korin's luncheon box? He brings out something wrapped up in a bamboo husk. A few plain rice-balls are seen. Korin's



FEMALE

ROSE O'NEIL

Courtesy Wildenstein Galleries

wealthy friends look at one another with a sense of surprise or contempt. But when the husk is fully opened, lo! its inner surface is gorgeously lacquered with his design of flowers and birds. Korin looks up at them with a little smile. They do not know that a still bigger surprise is yet waiting. Korin finishes his simple meal, and throws away his lacquered bamboo husk into the stream, bidding it a good farewell.

I do not know how much of the story is true. But is it not his customary game to conquer the others artistically? Oh, what great laughter. Oh, what sarcasm against the money-smelling provincialism which does not know how to arrange life decoratively or weave a picture with contrasting colors.

Many dates are given for his death. Then his age, too, varies from fifty-two to sixty-two. A certain Chitora Kawasaki found an authority (in 1878) in Korin's descendant living in Kyoto as a tailor, who gave him fifty-nine for Korin's age. So he must have died at the age of sixty or thereabout. Being born of a wealthy family, which since the time of his grandfather, was appointed by the dowager-empress, Tofukumon-in, as her own purveyor of silks and dresses, Korin became a settler in the world of art in his boyhood days, and was for-

fortunate through his life in being able to indulge in art, or as we say in Japan, to travel, studying art. He had nothing to complain of even when he could not live more than sixty years.

Korin's father was Soken as I already mentioned. And Soken's grandmother was Koyetsu's elder sister. So Korin's relationship to great Koyetsu, it will be perceived, was that of great-grand-nephew. It was quite natural that he was greatly attracted by the art of Sotatsu. But the proof that his earliest technical training was given by Yasunobu Kano, can be easily seen in some of his works in which his early reminiscence was purified and vitalized by his later development which combined a soul's freedom with gravity. Then he entered the kingdom of art of the early Tosa school. Korin left us many works which he executed under its influence, some of them illustrating the scenes in the "Ise Monogatari" or the "Heike Monogatari"; all of them prove that he grasped that mystery belonging to the early Tosa art; really the delicacy with lingering faint emotion that those works express, is something which we can compare with the silver tremor of a star over the hush of a stream.

He painted, of course, many distinguished pieces in the time when Sotatsu charmed and interested him. I myself like the works belonging to the time of Sotatsu's early influence, in which his effort in forgetting nature where he entered, is delightfully visible. The best specimen might be found in his picture of the azalea owned by Mr. Takuma Dan, Tokyo; the influence of Sotatsu clings to the picture quite affectionately. What a pleasing atmosphere is created by a reflection of azaleas in a valley of water, painted by a graceful stroke. But you must turn your eyes to the screens of sea-waves or irises or plum trees for his audacious flight of art which he realized afterwards.

Korin was fortunate in having a faithful follower in Hoitsu who worked out the revival of Korin successfully in his day. On the 100th anniversary of Korin's death (assuming it was in June of the 12th of the Bunka era, 1815), Hoitsu asked his friends to exhibit Korin's one hundred pictures, and copying from them, he brought out a well-known book called *Korin Hyakuzu* or "One Hundred Sketches of Korin." It was in the Kunka era that Hoitsu reached the zenith of his fame. He sent a large stone from Yedo (Tokyo) to Kyoto for the rebuilding of Korin's monument there. And to commemorate the occasion he invited people, five men a day, for the tea-ceremony during thirty days. I feel I see distinctly Hoitsu's face smiling proudly and delightedly.

ODILON REDON, A GREAT FRENCH LYRICIST

By MARGARET W. WATSON

IT is difficult for many to understand the spirit which underlies most of Odilon Redon's paintings and lithographs; there are other works of this modern French master which have a ready and direct appeal. "Artists as near us as Courbet, Manet, Puvis de Chavannes, Renoir and Degas," writes Bryson Burroughs, "though the subjects of violent controversies during their lives are already generally recognized as the latest of the old masters." It is not so with Redon, who, even in France, is far from being fully appreciated.

The loan exhibition of Impressionist and Post Impressionist Paintings, which was recently held at the Metropolitan Museum, included a splendid and characteristic group of Redon. Here we found Redon, the mystic and dreamer, expressing himself in elusive symbols, and here, too, that other and more approachable Redon, the incomparable painter of flowers, real and imaginary.

Redon's life, outwardly uneventful, was inwardly filled with the turmoil that almost inevitably attends the development of genius. Born at Bordeaux in 1840, he spent the early years of his life at his father's home in the province of Gironde. Shortly before his birth his parents had returned from America, where the older Redon had settled as a young man. He had married a French Creole girl in New Orleans and had become a planter and slave owner. In later years his accounts of the vast savannas and forests of the New World filled his little son with romantic visions. All that was strange and solitary and suggestive of infinity appealed to the child's imaginative mind. He loved the great uncultivated plains that stretched about his home, the pines through which the wind sang and the mystery of the old house itself, with its shadowy corners where he hid himself away with his dreams. In his memoirs he expresses a regret that he was not born at sea, "*un lieu sans patrie sur un abîme.*"

Redon was a delicate child, capable of intense feeling and suffering. "When I look back upon my life," he wrote in later years, "I see myself as a mute spectator who loved silence."

His school days at Bordeaux were dreary years, passed in uncongenial surroundings that caused him much unhappiness. At the age of fifteen he began taking drawing lessons from an excellent teacher who recognized his talent and encouraged him in

self-development. These studies, together with his intense love of music, were the consolations that made bearable his melancholy student years.

Redon was still a very young man when he went to Paris to study architecture. Upon failing to pass the examinations required for admittance to the Beaux Arts he entered the studio of the painter, Gérôme, where he soon found himself in a thoroughly hostile atmosphere. A more happy event in his career was his friendship with Bresdin, who became his teacher of etching and found him keenly alive to the beauty of black and white. Although Redon later turned his attention to color that is jewel-like in richness and brilliancy, he always remained faithful to his dictum, "*il faut respecter le noir.*"

Toward 1878, at the suggestion of Fantin-Latour, and chiefly in order to preserve copies of the great number of fine drawings he had produced up to this time, Redon began to take an interest in lithography.

The macabre and fantastic abounds in Redon's lithographs. One of the first critics to call attention to his work was J. K. Huysmans, who was quick to recognize original talent. "He has transported the nightmare into art," said Huysmans. Another later critic, Jules Destrée, points out the fact that what may be taken for madness in much of Redon's work was called forth by the same spirit that moved mediæval sculptors to carve the gargoyles and chimeras of the great French cathedrals and that inspired certain Japanese artists whose work we are beginning to appreciate. There are those who maintain that Redon's work at times gives evidence of an unbalanced mind, but hundreds of careful studies show to what lengths of self-discipline he went in the production of his lithographs.

In 1879 appeared the collection of lithographs, entitled "*Dans le Rêve*"; in 1882, "*A Edgar Allan Poe.*" "*Les Origines*" was published in 1883; "*Hommage à Goya,*" in 1885. An exposition at the Salle du Gaulois, in 1882, had brought Redon's name more widely to the attention of the public. The founding of the Salon des Independants, of which he was one of the first members, was likewise important in making his work known. Redon had been refused at the older and more conservative Salon and his work was known only to a few friends, some of whom appreciated his talent. "Few



APOLLO

Courtesy of Mr. John Quinn

ODILON REDON



ORPHEUS

Courtesy of Mr. John Quinn

ODILON REDON

artists have had to suffer what I have suffered, quietly and patiently," he wrote, referring to this period of struggle.

Although Redon exhibited with the Impressionists he never belonged to any clearly defined school and asserted that his art was for the most part self-created and independent of any particular group. He criticized his contemporaries severely for their lack of appreciation of anything bordering on mystery or symbolism, anything that is unexpected and undefinable and possessed of the "light of spirituality."

It is interesting to find that a man like Redon, so taken with all that is vague and elusive, should have laid much emphasis upon a rigorous study of anatomy, carried out with scientific precision. He regretted that he had not given an even greater amount of time to careful studies of the human body, as well as to dissection and modelling. In the nineties color began to captivate Redon. A large number of little flower subjects date from this period. In Redon's painting of flowers there is a quality of freshness and spontaneity, an absence of all uninspiring detail, a joyousness of treatment that makes a delight of the simplest bouquet of garden flowers, poppies and daisies, asters and phlox and zinnias. Simple and wholesome as they are, these flowers of Redon's are nevertheless painted with an indefinable grace, an appreciation of the psychological value of color and form that goes beyond the mere copying of nature. They are infinitely satisfying and yet infinitely mysterious in their apparent simplicity. A number of these flower subjects were shown at the exhibition of Redons, held at the Durand-Ruel galleries at Paris in 1894. As time went on Redon devoted himself more and more to the decorative side of art. His influence in this field is very great and is destined to grow. M. Gustave Geffrey, the present director of the Gobelins

tapestry works, commissioned Redon to furnish the Gobelins with new designs. M. Geffrey's enthusiasm for modern French art is well known. It is due to his influence that not only Redon, but Monet, Chéret, Willette and Raffaëlli have been called upon to contribute to the designs carried out at the Gobelins.

The last period of Redon's life was marked by a glow of serenity that contrasts curiously with his troubled and melancholy early years. After having produced many charcoal drawings, some thirty etchings and over two hundred lithographs, Redon devoted himself, during these later years, almost entirely to colors and especially to work in pastels.

He was by this time well known to a discriminating public and enjoyed the friendship of many distinguished men, among whom we find Debussy, Francis Jammes, René de Gourmont, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Mallarmé and Huysmans. His works were frequently exhibited and met with an ever wider appreciation, although it is not in France, but in Holland that he has been the most admired and that we find the greater number of his works. An ensemble of Redons was shown at the autumn Salon in Paris in 1904. The first showing of his work in America was at the big International Exhibition that attracted such wide attention in New York City some eight years ago.

It is tragic that Redon could not have lived a few years longer. He died without having the two dearest wishes of his heart fulfilled, for his death occurred in 1916, at a time when he ardently longed to see the return of his son who had been mobilized with the French Army, and when the fate of France was still wrapped in the blackest clouds of war.

In Redon France lost one of her greatest lyricists, a man who, although intensely individual, was also intensely French in his exquisite grace, his power of imagination and his indefinable charm.

THE LITHOGRAPHS OF ODILON REDON

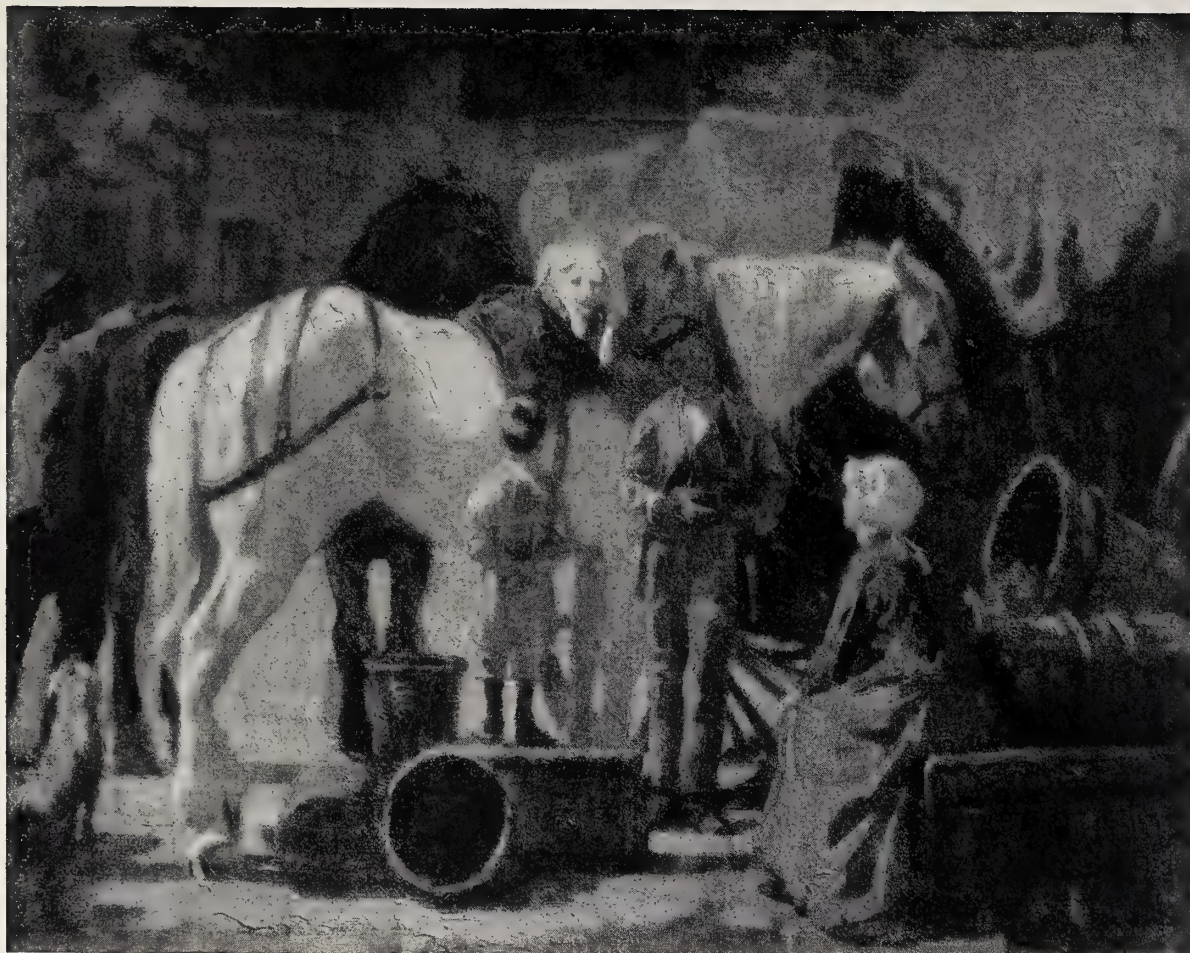
By THE EDITOR

SHORTLY after my arrival in Paris as an art student, I stumbled upon a lithograph by Odilon Redon. It so impressed me that I began forming a collection of Redon's prints. The task was not easy, for although beautiful impressions could be bought for but a few francs, a tour of the

Paris shops would yield only a lithograph or two. There seemed to be no demand for them, but the supply was very small. For several years I purchased all the Redon prints I could find. Then a rival collector appeared—a Frenchman—who was translating William Blake, a somewhat mythical



Sous L'AILE D'OMBRE, L'être noir appliquait une active morsure . . .
ODILON REDON



AT THE MARKET — PARIS

ABBOTT H. THAYER

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

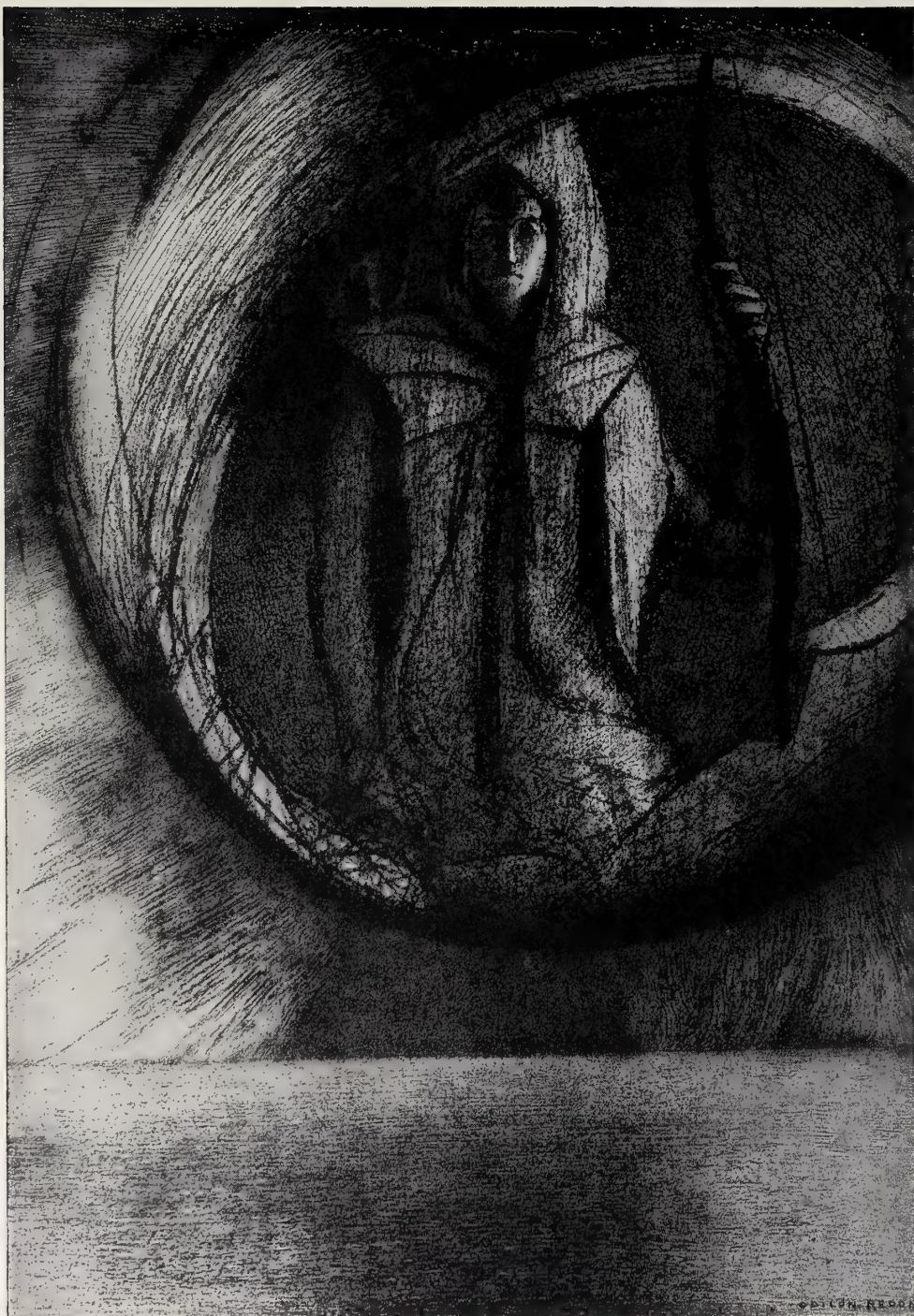
personage, in whom I never fully believed. It was explained to me that his purchases caused the rise in price of Redon's lithographs.

Of Odilon Redon's life there was little known, save that he was a recluse, middle-aged, passionately fond of music. Later Fantin-Latour told me more of him. "I first met him at the home of a friend interested in music," Fantin said, "he played with great understanding and I have seldom been more attracted toward anyone. In conversation later, he expressed his views with clearness and I rejoiced in finding him so sympathetic. Upon his asking if he might show me some of his drawings, I said I should be much pleased. The drawings were amazing. I was so taken back that a man, apparently sane, could have made them, that I stam-

mered something about his drawing on lithographic stones in order to be able to have reproductions made of each one. He took to the idea, and so you see, I am directly responsible for Redon's lithographs." When, a few years back, I heard of Redon's death, one of the links which drew me more closely to France was broken, for I had always hoped that I might meet him. The loss to art is irreparable. Possibly no artist has ever more completely expressed the inmost emotions of a human soul. And, such a soul! Odilon Redon had a nature so rich, so full, that his art should last as long as men are capable of understanding the impulse which brought it into being. Apart from this interest, which some might consider literary, his lithographs are technical masterpieces of rare beauty.



Pèlerin DU MONDE SUBLUNAIRE
ODILON REDON



Et là-bas L'IDOLE ASTRALE, l'apothéose
ODILON REDON



LUEUR PRÉCAIRE, une tête à l'infini suspendue
ODILON REDON

CHICAGO LETTER

By KATHARINE EGGLESTON ROBERTS

THE work of Joseph Stella, now being shown at Neoma Nagel's galleries in the Courtyard, comprises one of the most significant exhibitions Chicago art lovers have enjoyed this season. Rarely do we find one man possessed of such excellence of draughtsmanship and such mastery of color. The two sensitive, finely developed silver points prove his ability to draw in the more conventional sense of the word, though no one could see his glorious color symphonies and not realize that only a man certain of his drawing would dare attempt them. Again, in the studies of flowers and plants one finds his capacity of faithfulness to the minute and his careful attention to design so thorough that they savor of the oriental. But it is when he escapes from realistic detail and paints his thoughts and phantasies in color that I find the fullest enjoyment. "The Hippodrome Ballet" is rich, full, warm in tone and smoothly swift in its rhythm. Not merely because of its varying colors but because of their arrangement, it radiates a vibrant—almost exotic—music and movement. "Winter Arabesques on a Window Pane" is a small panel of rainbow hues given life with an elusive yet crystalline transparency. With exquisite delicacy they interweave and blend but never blur. They bring the exhilaration and joy of a clear frosty morning. Like so many of Stella's things this has the marvelous power of connotation, a quality beyond the limitations of his medium. In his landscapes one does not merely see well painted scenery; rather one scarcely considers the appearance at all, but gets instead a sense of the place, a definitive, permeating atmosphere unmistakably characteristic. These are the essentials distinguishing work of the artist from that of the mere painter. The more highly abstract Stella's work becomes, the more does it stir us mentally and emotionally. To me, these harmonious inspirations of pure form and color are a scarcely definable yet a very certain proof of the inter-relations of three arts for they make us feel poetry and they let us see music. The exhibition of such work must be significant both to the general public and to other artists who find in it an awakening, an impetus to aspiration, and often a much needed purification of standards. Mrs. Nagel is to be congratulated upon having been able to hang these in her galleries.

The Carson Pirie Scott galleries opened the month with a collection of recent paintings by Walter Ufer. Several of the canvases indicated that Mr. Ufer is breaking further into the field of

the modernists. I can't help thinking he is finding more and more the way he really *wants* to paint. Heretofore, in spite of his marked success, certain of his canvases have given the suggestion that, though they were well done, they had not quite satisfied the demands of that dynamic force inherent in the man himself. Now, though those demands are probably growing, he is coming to a closer achievement of them. Of course, it is to be hoped he never quite catches up with them because no one wants to see an artist commit suicide, but it is also to be hoped that his brush will accomplish other pictures such as "A June Storm" and "Fructuation." The latter is symbolical and more imaginative than anything of Mr. Ufer's that I have seen. It is his interpretation of the Indian legend of Nature fructifying the earth and is particularly remarkable because of his use of shafts of light and color descending from the sky. The canvas has a literary trend. In spite of this unusual conception, I believe "A June Storm" is the finer canvas. Certainly its composition is more interestingly thought out and it shows a careful use of color contrasts. Less extraordinary in idea, it has more virility and greater depth. In "The Rider—Taos Canyon," Mr. Ufer has been experimenting with the third dimension in a remarkable and indescribable fashion. It has nothing to do with perspective, neither is it related to cubism. It is something of his own and is interesting for its potentialities rather than for what he has already done with it. Another canvas called "My Back Yard" has a more definite rhythm than the rest. It is sharp. The clouds, like the tops of the houses, cut swift zigzags into the sky. These were the four outstanding pictures. Others, though solidly painted, missed the strength that made these dominate the exhibition.

Toward the end of the month, Mr. Ufer's Taos scenes gave way to Wilson Irvine's Connecticut landscapes. Certainly, the contrast was complete not merely in subject but in the ways of handling. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that these later canvases seemed almost over-gentle. Of the many views across misty New England hills and fields with their bits of gray brush and rambling creeks, one named "The Source" has a more balanced composition and selection of detail than the others. Quite different from all the rest in material and manner is "Main Street, Essex." Certain of purpose and more surely done, it has a firm unity begetting a convincing atmosphere and obviating the



ETRUSCAN VASE

ODILON REDON

Courtesy of Mr. John Quinn

need of a frame to concentrate it upon the canvas. Then, too, it shows a pleasantly clear manipulation of light and shade.

On February third the Arts Club opened an exhibition of oil paintings, water colors, drawings and pastels by Natalia Sergeyevna Goncharova and Mikhail Fyodorovich Larionov in its larger gallery, while in the smaller room were displayed the water colors, oils and monotypes of Mary Rogers.

Of the work of the two Russian moderns, that of Goncharova, whose first international recognition came with her "Coq d'Or" fantasy, was to me the most interesting. There was enough of it to permit one to trace the artistic biography of this woman who sought through the various successive revolutionary movements in art to find the most satisfactory statement of her individuality of vision. She seems to have run the gamut of the "isms" from cubism to rayonism. While some of the canvases retain traces of the formal influence of the early ikonicon, they seem also to hold a questing aspiration for a new and not quite clearly defined radiance—something that is in the future, still to be attained. A very earnest struggle is evident in the work of this younger relative of the great Pushkin, who—though her activities have been varied—has joined with Larionov in the effort to bring new art to the Russian stage. Another reason for my preference of her canvases is that they reveal greater restraint than those of the aggressively vehement colorist, Larionov, and consequently greater constructive force. In comparison with his paganistic, bacchic abandon, she is almost an ascetic. His chromatic brilliancy is too dazzling to be permanent. It is explosively chaotic. But the grotesqueries and whimsicalities in his designs for the scenery and costumes for "Soleil de Minuit," "Contes Russes," and "Le Buffon" are undoubtedly ingenious and amusing. They are the result of a most amazing vitality which, perhaps, might not endure a less unbridled expression.

In the smaller gallery the pure spiritual beauty of Mary Rogers' water colors came like a clear cool breath after the vivid heat of the violent Larionov. They are lyric in their suggestion of an intangible etherealism. In the exquisite delicacy of the "Purple Iris" she has captivated the ghost of color through which comes the essence of the flower itself. It is characteristic of her subtle understanding of nature. This knowledge and a true mastery of the medium of her expression permitted her to work swiftly. There is no evidence of hesitancy, no hint of uncertainty; but a strange clarity of insight and a cool poise that came of it. If certain listeners find

that the joyous song of a lark holds a whisper of involuntary sadness, they find it again in these water colors. It is an underlying tenderness. Two monotypes, "Nude Figures" and "The Sisters" tell us that Mary Rogers could do figures remarkably well and that, though her color sense was finely developed, she did not find herself too entirely dependent upon it.

The lithographs by John Copley and Ethel Gabain, now on exhibition at the Albert Roullier Galleries are especially well worth seeing. These two artists, who not only etch their drawings on stone but do all the work of their own printing, have developed the art of lithography to the highest degree and know thoroughly its infinite possibilities. Though as husband and wife they work together, their prints are wholly different. Hers are charmingly feminine, at times piquant; his are powerful, profound, austere. While hers are witty, his are satirical; where hers are pensive, his are philosophical. Both know the value of simplicity of line and of the use of a single isolated detail to suggest space and depth, but whereas she achieves delicacy and sometimes gaiety or pathos, he accomplishes a massive impressiveness. She is particularly skilful in getting the velvety blackness of night and in suggesting things beyond the darkness. She catches the quick little lines that characterize a Pierrot, but he finds the heavy mobility of the laborer, and the sagging weight of a limp body as in "The Bearers." Copley's "Vigil of the New Year" is magnificent in its dignity and his ability of characterization is striking in the contrasting print, "Le Monde ou l'on s'amuse." In all of his work one notices a sculptural quality. Of Ethel Gabain's more recent prints "Gavroche," "Profile Fin," and "L'Aube" are among the best examples and indicate the distinctly French character so apparent in the greater number of her lithographs. It is remarkable that these two, working closely together, should each have been able to maintain so untouched an individuality.

Ackermann's are showing some delightful drawings by Thos. Rowland (1756-1827) depicting various aspects of English life of his time. Full of quaint humor and keen caricature they are attracting a lively interest.

Since the California landscapes by F. Ballard Williams which are being exhibited by the Anderson galleries received most adequate comment in THE ARTS during their New York stay, I shall let them pass with the mere mention of their presence. Anderson's have just announced that in April they will move to more spacious quarters in the Congress Hotel building.



TWO HEADS AMONG FLOWERS

ODILON REDON

Courtesy of Mr. John Quinn

AT CHICAGO

By HI SIMONS

WILLIAM E. SCHUMACHER has twenty-two paintings hanging in the Arts Club (February 22 to March 7). The one called "The Woodchopper," is an idyl of thrift. The theme of "Sunday Afternoon" might be said to be bucolic lassitude; that of "The School Orchestra," fatigued intensity; of "The Settlement Worker," suspected humility. In one of the portrait-studies, the "Woman Listening to Music" might be called a vestal to the exotic. To the subject of the "Head of a Lady" one might apply the phrase (not mine), a candle that would be a torch.

As criticism of painting, the preceding paragraph is vicious. It is a terse example of the literary discussion of graphic forms that has retarded real understanding of modern art in America. Yet in the case of Mr. Schumacher the invitation to indulge in it is irresistible. The readiness with which one plasters the pictures with label-phrases, the inevitability with which one resorts to consideration of theme and subject-matter indicates the formal deficiency of the pictures in this collection.

These are designs in vivid colors of a fairly wide range. In each of the flower-pieces a finely patterned, strongly conventionalized bouquet in a simple vase is set in the middle of the canvas. Immediately around it is a space of bright color; around that is a geometrical design in lower key; this, again, is enclosed within another arrangement, still darker, extending to the frame. This schematism provides an interesting treatment of light: the flowers emanate it, rather than receive or reflect it. The result is to intensify the object, to concentrate attention upon it. The requirements of the method make it daring: it demands intelligence concerning color, fine care in handling of the medium, unusual draughtsmanship. It is undeniable that Mr. Schumacher has fulfilled these demands.

But here is where he falls down: the six paintings of flowers are essentially alike in all but the color of the vases, the patterning of the bouquets and other details. By their sameness they fail to sustain interest. One turns to the portraits. Substantially, they are similar, not only to each other, but to the decorations made from flowers. So one goes on to the others, "Sunday Afternoon," for instance. In the center is a plot of shade; men and women of the farm loaf under the old apple tree; around this is a frame of sunny farmland; and then an arrangement of planes toning down to the edge of the picture. It is the same thing again, the only

essential change being the substitution of the farmyard for the dish of flowers. Seeing the same design repeated, with only minor variations, twenty-one times in the same room, one's interest in form subsides and one begins the phrase-making. One feels that, for all his splendid color, his scrupulous execution and his virile grace of drawing, Mr. Schumacher's contribution to the effort to make painting a matter of pure form and color is slight.

Which need not detract from one's pleasure in the decorative and literary qualities of his work. A large and healthy humor is responsible for the "fatigued intensity" of the "School Orchestra," furtively hopeful of release from compulsory earnestness. There is a little irony, perhaps, but there also is delicate sympathy in the characterization of the "Woman Listening to Music." By contrasts in color, interest in "Woman With Baby in Carriage" is directed both to the unknowing acceptance on the part of the child and the caressing solicitude of the parent; and, in "Mother and Child," to the vapid peacefulness of the infant and the calm realization of fulness of life in the heart of the young mother. Such soundly human emotions are sincerely projected in all the canvases. In "The Garden" the feeling is a rich joy of the human in contact with the loveliness of nature that no facile phrasing is adequate to express. But even here, one wonders if Mr. Schumacher would not be more truly an artist if he were continually in search of particular forms for specific subjects rather than relying exclusively upon repetitions within the same formula.

ONE canvas in Walter Ufer's show (at Carson Pirie Scott and Company, February 1 to 18) is superior even to "Autumn." It is "The Rider—Taos Canyon," a small composition of greens, blues and reds, quite different from everything Ufer is known for. I believe it represents what he will be remembered for, years hence. For it stands as the furthest point in a progression that is marked, in the present exhibition, by three periods.

First, are the strictly representational pictures such as "Near the Water-Hole," "Jim and His Daughter," "Young Trees in Autumn." All these have the stirring color, the vigorous treatment, the fine execution, the skill in representation that made Ufer always something more than academic. Some have still more. If "In the Land of the Rockies" and "Fantasies" are too literal and illustrative, "Young Trees in Autumn," "End of a Perfect Day"



ODILON REDON

. . . C'était un voile, UNE EMPREINTE . . .

and others have an atmosphere and an imaginative quality that attest genuine emotion. And if the figures in "Jim and His Daughter," "Near the Water Hole" and "Fantasies" are just Indians—members of a race without individual distinction—the character-portrayals in the head of "Pete," in all three figures in "The Taos Fiddler" and in "Mary Carlisle of Oklahoma" are understanding, convincingly human. The last of these, especially, is sincere: I feel that the whole tragedy of the progeny of poor white trash is projected in that unrelieved presentation of an unprepossessing hoyden.

"A June Storm," "Fructuations," "Noonday Rest" and "Autumn" are from a second, a transitional, period. In these, the intent of representation is not offcast, but it is no more than equal to the purpose of imagination, or of creative composition. The interpretive-imaginative impulse is strongest in "Fructuations," a poetical (though not "literary") presentation of the awed primitive in face of the perennial fertilization of earth by cloud and rain. Moreover, in the sweep of desert-line and the counter-gesture of sky-form, in the answer of rainbow and rainfall to the motive of the figures, is an emphasis of design new to Ufer's work. This concentration and direction is carried forward in "A June Storm" and "Noon-day Rest"; and in "Autumn" reaches the point at which, in combination with representation, it is the strongest. The rhythm of this painting is slow and massive. The vertical tree, the concave line of the background repeated in the roof of the adobe houses and contradicted by the convex arc of foliage and the lower garments of the figures; the relation of the strongly drawn limbs of the two Indians and the curve of the dog's body, to both of the principal motives—this is composition of high order. "Autumn" is a repetition in a different, and much finer, color-scheme of "Noonday Rest." It is done more decisively than that. It is as if, in "Fructuations" and "A June Storm," Ufer had been reaching toward a new thing; that he felt he had touched it when he worked out the problem in "Noonday Rest"—so nearly had grasped it, that he went at grips with the same material, almost the same problem, in "Autumn," and there got it firmly, securely. That is why this splendid thing marks the end of a time of transition from the previous Ufer.

"The Rider—Taos Canyon" is the new Ufer. Because, in it, representation is secondary to rhythm; because it is freer, in the sense that it is more abandoned to the rhythmic element; and because, as a result of that abandon, the movement plays more elaborately throughout every part. The cut of

diagonals upward and rightward along the canyon road, then up along the horizon of woods, then back via the cloud; the spread of the two tree-clumps, their bringing together again by means of the clouds above and the trail below, and the light accentuation of movement through the branches—make the composition more living than anything else Ufer has shown. The simple, broken color adds to this impression. And it gives the picture a depth, a sense of distantly receding elemental mystery, that conveys the feeling of the primitive southwest more personally than any of the pictorial desert-scenes exhibited.

If this is forecast of the Ufer of the future, it is certain he will yet exceed the best achievements of his past.

QUALITIES that have caused inclusion of the larger works of Anthony Angarola in lists of meritorious paintings at important exhibitions throughout the country, also characterize his several sketches and small compositions now at the Penguin Shop. Angarola is not eminently an outdoor painter; his feeling for conscious arrangement, for modulation of tone, is too dominating for that.

But two of these sketches are less only in size than his most successful works. One is "The Logger's Hut"; the other, "Sentinels"; both are gems in the manner of landscape he has been doing during the last two or three seasons. The foliage in the former is as compactly massed as are the trees in the splendid "Glenhaven," now hanging at the Art Institute. Both of these and "The Valley Farmhouse" are unified by the moving simplicity of their composition. One of the admirable and almost constant traits of Angarola's work is the equipoise it attains, a poise within which is movement at once strong and gentle. Another thing that raises his work from mediocrity is the consideration within the mass. One is constantly picking the pattern to pieces to examine exquisite bits of coadjusted mosaic. Even in these sketches may be found such passages, as well as in the three larger canvases exposed here.

These are a garden-scene that was shown at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and at the Pennsylvania Academy show of 1916, "Fantasies" and "The Bridge of Life." In nearly all the things Angarola has exhibited this year one has felt a sameness of blue tone and pensive mood. It is a pleasant and a genuine mood—of one who is quietly pondering an image of loveliness; but the nuances it has discovered are so subtle that one feels the painter has exhausted its resources. These three pictures reassure



LE SOUR

ODILON REDON

one that his range is not too limited. The garden-scene is glowingly warm; "Fantasies" is quaint and gay; the feeling of "The Bridge of Life" is aloof and contemplative and yet thoroughly conscious of humanity. All three are characteristic in their simplicity and restrained strength of design. Their setting in the limited dimensions of this shop is a test of how well Angarola's works stand intimate scrutiny; they survive it.

This is not the big show he deserves. But as a harbinger of what that would be it is significant.

IT is due to the enterprise and intelligence of Mrs. Neoma Nagel that Chicago sees for the first time an adequate presentation of several of the phases of the work of Joseph Stella. It is due to some mistaken thought on the part of Mr. Stella that the exhibition is not adequate, not utterly convincing. For it does not include examples of his latest phase, his greatest work. Nothing here compares with the crystalline exquisiteness of "Nativity" that was shown at the Arts Club in December.

But that does not mean that the collection is negligible. For three charcoal drawings,—two sketches of Brooklyn bridge and "Interior, Steel Mill"—are great things. Because it is less sketchy than the others, because its composition is more powerfully carried through, because it is more subtle in its effects of light and of distance, the picture of the mill is more moving than either of the other two. It carries, because it accomplishes what all modern art pretends to do, but what none but the finest of it does do: it conveys the sense, the "meaning" of the subject imaginatively, without resort to the literal. One feels from this drawing the tremendous scale, the grimness and griminess, the exaltation of the mechanical and the enslavement of the human, that make American industry such a grand and appalling thing.

In a totally different way, the little pastel, "Winter Arabasque in a Window" is just as fine. It has the supple firmness of abstract design, the pure quality of color and the imaginative charm of Stella's later and larger works. The imaginativeness of his abstractions make Stella a poet among modern painters: an Imagist poet—the sheer cool clarity of this little thing made me think immediately of the classically formed *vers libre* of H. D.

I assume the crayon sketch, "Italian Landscape" is from a much earlier period. At first I thought it vague and formless. Then I followed the light movement of orange and yellow back into the sketch and across it, and began to feel the warmth, the indolence of the atmosphere and the reposeful-

ness in the scene: then it became lovely and lyrical to me.

Movement is in the complex design of the pastel, "Hippodrome Ballet," too. Both Stella's delicacy and his strength are in the two silver-point portraits. Four of the five still-lives are pleasant as designs; the other has more volume and action. The pastel "Steel Mill" is neither so complete nor so moving as "Pittsburgh" that was at the Arts Club. The charcoal, "The Miner," is a sad and virile study.

All the things shown are good. But Mrs. Nagel and the patrons of her gallery probably feel that the artist should have made this, his first one-man show in Chicago, a greater occasion.

OF the work of Natalia Sergeyevna Goncharova and Mikhail Fyodorovich Larionov—jointly exhibited at the Arts Club, February 3 to 18—that of the former is the more interesting. For it involves one in search for traces of her personality; while the other offers one little more than a demonstration of various formulæ—principally that of Rayonnism, here exposed in Chicago for the first time.

In her sceneries for "Foire Russes," Mme. Goncharova is simply typical of the modern Russian school, though in her free use of red, yellow, blue and green there is a lightness and clarity different from the moody intensity of Bakst, Roerich and Anisfeld. The same may be said of her several Spanish costume designs, though, in the simplicity of their color motives, and the vigor of their drawing, these sketches have character. In the two oils called "The Bridge" and the two Spanish women, her personality is almost lost in Cubism. The color of both the former strongly resembles that of Sousa-Cordoba's "Stronghold"; but in only one of these bridge-pictures does Mme. Goncharova approach the impression of volume in his architectural studies and those of many other Cubists. Most of her things are flat. This is true of the "Spanish Woman," except as to parts of the body. Its balance of black and white and the tonal quality of its scant browns and yellows are fine; design and texture are good; but one misses depth, substantiality. Another later manner is her decorative treatment of the still-life, as she did it in 1916 and 1917. The color of these things is charming; their whites are vivid, living; they contain lovely accords of light orange and grey, of deep reds, blacks and greens; this much might be said to be her own. But the patterns are so symmetrical that, again, one feels the effects of a formula. Mr. Larionov's theories influence the five little water-color "The-

atrical Portraits." Despite that, they are exquisite and, in the effect of their characterizations, much like the Japanese. The Larionov influence is even more direct in the pastel "Bouquet" and the "Rayonist Landscape."

All these derivations being attributed, the desideratum in which one may find individual expression of the artist herself is small. It includes, curiously, the earliest and latest of her work shown—a still-life painted in 1911, "Bouquet" done in 1912 and "Basket of Fruit," 1920. These are strong in their reality, their hardness, their rendition of volume; they are rhythmic, not as the steps of a dancer, but as the tramp of peasants; and in their heavy colors are fine relationships of tone. But in Mme. Goncharova's work, there is too little of this personal character: one feels she has lost in art by her pursuit of art-theories.

These ideas are more interesting in the case of M. Larionov because, in him, they seem less adopted than evolved. The theory, itself, of Rayonism is, in degree, his own expression. So far as one can apprehend it from the present exhibition, it may be said to be lyric Cubism. The "Rayonist Head" (a recent work), the "Rayonist Woman" and the "Rayonist Sea" seem to be a further simplification from other Post-impressionist methods. Larionov seeks the lowest common denominator of the subject-matter, not in a poetic-emotional symbol, nor in a structure of planes, nor in a harmony of color-masses; but rather in a two-dimension arrangement

of lines, spots and wash-shadings. The result is pattern—and, at that, pattern none too intricately evolved. These three paintings are done in white, yellow and brown water-color on gold, silver and brown paper, an arrangement not the most satisfactory technically.

While the two stage-sets for "Le Bouffon" are his best paintings, as paintings, in this collection, the designs for "Contes Russes" seem the most indigenous to the artist's background. The abandoned spirit, the richness and solid motivation of color that characterized the best of the Russian ballet as America knows it are in them. Here, as in the costume-sketches for the same work, a genuine Slavic humor is expressed. The latter are less simply dramatic than those by Mme. Goncharova; they are less delicate, but more "barbaric" in color; and, with their spontaneous vulgar humor, they are excellent cartoons. But one remembers Boris Anisfeld's color-sketches for Prokofieff's great farcical-satiric opera, "The Love for Three Oranges" which provided the great moment in the recent season of the Chicago Opera; and then one realizes that, whereas Anisfeld's designs constituted an emotional-imaginative projection of the atmosphere of the music, Larionov's are, after the fashion of the old theater, settings for the action. Proof, again, of the defect of these two formalists: Larionov lost himself, his organic unity with the life from which he came, in joining the "Russian school" of stage-craft and the "modern movement" in painting.

A COLLECTION OF MODERN ART

THE four photographs reproduced in this issue belong to a foreign collection which will be dispersed in a few days at the American Art Association. Mr. Field, who regrets not to be able to write this article, has known many of these paintings in the Montaignac collection and considers some of them remarkable examples of the art of the nineteenth century. Montaignac was a man of unusual appreciation and artistic knowledge and was a characteristic collector of the old style. Illustrations chosen by Mr. Field show work not coming from the Montaignac collection because he thought it interesting for the American public to become acquainted with the work of Sully which has great charm and simplicity. The collection contains works by other Americans, Inness, Wyant, J. Alden Weir, and others. But the interest centers in the work of the earlier French-

men of whom the most important are Corot and Courbet. Unnecessary to laud Corot's poetic landscapes, they speak for themselves. Courbet's sturdy "Lac de Geneve" and "L'Hiver" will appeal to the admirers of the father of impressionism. His first follower, Manet, is represented by a painting showing Goya's influence, probably done in Spain. After him follow Degas, Renoir's "Baigneuse assise," two fine Pissaros, four luminous Sisleys and four brilliant Claude Monets of which one is reproduced in this issue. The later impressionists are represented by Albert André who has become, through his exhibitions, famous to the New York public.

What shall we say of the other artists represented? There are many. We leave it to the art-loving public of New York to go and see the collection before its dispersal and judge for itself.



CHILDHOOD

Courtesy American Art Association

THOMAS SULLY



BELLE ISLE, EFFET DE SOLEIL

Courtesy American Art Association

CLAUDE MONET



LA MOUSSIERE

CAMILLE PISSARO

Courtesy American Art Association



LA MOISSON SUR LES COTEAUX DU NORD

J. C. CAZIN

Courtesy American Art Association

MRS. ROBERTS' DEPARTMENT

By MARY FANTON ROBERTS

IF we were hearing music for the first time, on a mighty church organ—the bass notes booming out through space, the gamba stop trumpeting to every listening nerve, delicate honey-sweet sounds from the “swell” organ, voices of hidden human beings chanting through the choir stops—just what would our emotions be?

Would we today accept a great orchestra for the first time, unquestioningly—the drums pounding a sinister message, the horns screaming resistance to the violins, the woodwind instruments carrying melodies from the Elysian Fields—just what would our reaction be?

In many cases, I am sure, irritation at the assault on our nerves, resentment at the demand for such terrific mental and spiritual application. “Why,” we would ask, “must we have a hundred instruments in an orchestra, because we like the human voice?” “Why create a great expensive instrument like an organ to multiply sound, when we have a flute out on a hillside at twilight?”

And so when the Clavelux (the color organ) comes, we stand aloof. “We already have color,” we say, and we use it beautifully in our established ways. Why such a vortex of color, more than we have ever seen or dreamed of. “We are accustomed to color with understood forms, in the accepted vocabulary of nature and art, and here it is poured out like a cloud-burst. We are innundated with it. As it sweeps over the white space hiding the stage our senses are drowned with sensation. We can scarcely respond to it. It is like a tropical sea in the sunlight, swift and vivid and unpremeditated; with its stupendous beauty and significance almost unrealized.”

If the Clavelux had had any beginning, an advanced guard to take us by the hand and overcome our resistance to its miraculous revelation of beauty—if a John the Baptist in Light had come to prepare the way, it might have been easier for us to accept the wonder of the Color Organ. But, alas, it does not rest upon any of the other arts—neither music, nor painting, sculpture nor poetry is involved. It is a fresh cleavage into those mysteries back of facts that await the watcher and the listener!

The first time I saw the Clavelux it was presented by the inventor at the Neighborhood Playhouse—that refuge of so much genius seeking opportunity. There were little plays preceding it and some dancing of a pleasant nature following. The house was left in darkness and a white curtain stretched in

front of the stage, and the performance began. Translucent forms appeared in marvelous, glowing orange on a center panel of light and on either side were “curtains” of silver, shimmering back and forth as water does in a clear trout pool in the sunlight. The forms, unearthly in beauty and quality, drifted from glory to glory of color—green of blazing emerald, shot through with ruby drifted back before orange swept with gold; the gold slipping into the blue of the Carribean Sea. Through the blue all the colors of yellow and mauve orchids quivered into light; into the heart of the orchid colors, shot up yellow and deep red, quivering back and forth between the silver curtains, and then, up beyond the border, up, it seemed, to the stars. And always the evanescent forms, as in an hour glass, melted and reformed, vanished and quivered again into view. Certain color motifs were repeated as in a symphony, and thick heavy masses of white clouds surged back and forth.

Your thought is transported into the very heart of the world, as though you were with nature's craftsmen watching the making of colors to tint the trees and flowers; sunsets are born before your eyes and sent hurtling out over mountain tops. Precious jewels are created and drenched in color. The alchemy of the kingdom of the earth is brought before your eyes. Miracles are created and color romances are woven for you by the wizard of light.

You cannot believe that the inventor of this new use of light, Thomas Wilfred, this creator of a new art, is actually back of the curtain playing the Color Organ, and by his knowledge of electricity, manipulating shafts of light and clouds of color so deftly that strangely beautiful tales are told of the mysteries of life. You seem to be immersed in the whole process of the creation of the world.

After you have watched one composition in light with its power to produce color more brilliant than you have ever imagined, you are astonished to see a second and a third composition, quite original in structure, and differing definitely in construction and development.

“The Clavelux has no purpose, it is just color massed together without intention” is the point of view of men who have loved color in relation to form and developed it with splendid conception of beauty. But there are others to whom the power to re-create the universe in light seems to hold in solution undreamed of possibilities for producing new opportunities in beauty. And we seem on the verge



THE YOUNG DUCKLING

ROBERT LAURENT

Courtesy Bourgeois Galleries

of as great an art in relation to light as the church organ was in relation to sound.

A NEW sculptor is interesting New York, which means that eventually he may interest the world. The Bourgeois Galleries presents this sculptor's work, and with fine discrimination gives the entire space of three large rooms to the twenty-three pieces, so that each model is seen to the utmost advantage, except the alabaster "First Born" which is on too high a pedestal. You would like this touchingly beautiful little group well below the line of vision and out away from the wall so that you could spend a great deal of time moving about it, studying the tender modeling, the wise use of space allotted to it and the sense of actual life in the silvery luminosity of the alabaster.

Mr. Laurent's exhibition is almost entirely made up of new and most interestingly realized studies in alabaster and mahogany. He handles wood with the same warmth and appreciation of beautiful surfaces that appear in his alabaster models. In fact, his power to convey great beauty with very simple outline and empty spaces is extraordinarily interesting. Epstein is fond of empty space but to me his surfaces *are empty*. Robert Laurent merely gives you the sense that his work is unhampered, and never fussy or intentionally adorned.

In his nature pieces you are astonished at the results obtained by this very arresting simplicity. Long slender stems support woodland flowers, with leaves unfolded as quietly and inevitably as Nature herself would handle the process, out in the damp leaf mold where the Jack-in-the-Pulpits live—; it is quite evident that Mr. Laurent is perfectly satisfied with Nature; finds her inspiring and with adequate beauty for his purpose. More than any sculptor I know he accepts her with gratitude, and has no advice to offer. His barnyard fowls are manipulated with full appreciation of the wisdom Nature has shown in creating these models. In response to this sincerity of outlook, these appreciative animals move in most interesting and decorative ways. A rooster flaunts his tail in a fine line for a mahogany panel and curves his neck to preen his wings in a way quite natural yet handsomely responsive to art. I do not remember a single feather on this rooster, rather the surface was smooth and waxed. The plumage was furnished by your imagination, as the veins were in the leaves and flowers. Robert Laurent is not afraid to trust something to your memory. He likes to give you an opportunity to co-operate with him in his art.

It seems to me that only a wide knowledge of his subjects and a superb confidence in his art would permit this sculptor to do his work so quietly and naturally, without sounding alarms to startle or shock the public.

I was interested to know that he never makes sketches for his sculpture, or even small models, but always works directly from his thoughts to his medium, developing the idea as he progresses. In that finely "woven," richly executed group, "Mother and Child," the entire design is held to the shape of the piece of alabaster, was in fact, actually born out of the alabaster form, yet only fine sculptural form and grace are the result. The woman's body curves as if to envelop the child and the texture of the medium is so warm and translucent that life seems to dwell there. And you are startled when you touch the cool, velvety surface. You had expected the flesh to vibrate under your hand as it seems to under the pressure of the baby's body.

Mr. Laurent's figures in wood have a curious quality of pride. They seem old-fashioned folk who are satisfied with country living and old ways. Although done with a simplicity that is almost naked, yet each possesses an intriguing personality. For instance, "The Flirtation" is certainly in the most incipient stages; this country man and woman are a little alarmed at their own adventure, yet you feel it will make progress, with all due respectability.

"L'Indifferente" appears to be the one effort toward the conventional pattern work of a Modernist—decidedly an achievement, but of a different kind to the quality of inevitability, like a smooth greensward or a polished glacier, that dominates most of Robert Laurent's work, and seems to me a priceless attribute of his art.

THE whole world seems to have become a seeker after mysteries. The seeker would undoubtedly say, "After facts"—perhaps it is the same thing. Certainly we find in all phases of art expressions today that tense searching for the profound, underlying mysteries of existence. The sky, the air, and the earth beneath the sea and land, seem stirring with strange, bewildering forces. "Distance" has vanished, sound has traveled on into infinity, and the vital forces of the earth have become potentious.

Those people who see clear and think straight—the artists—are feeling this curious awakening and are striving to express it each in his own best medium, music, sculpture, painting, poetry. We call these seers, these great folks, modernists



SAINT CHRISTOPHER

Courtesy Bourgeois Galleries

ROBERT LAURENT

because they want every new truth. Wagner was a Modernist in music. He felt the soul of the earth stirring in the great rivers, in the mountains, in the clouds and brought that quality of pulsating life perhaps for the first time into music. In another way, Ravel and Debussy are Modernists. They are both linking curious emotions to music and re-creating them in the brain of the listener. Gauguin, too, was a Modernist! he wanted to land on new shores, taste new loves, portray new existences, with a new use of color that held enchantment which surprised and shocked.

The much criticized and maligned Jazz is another excursion out into strange sound values. Shakespeare was never merry when he heard sweet music; but the Jazz lovers are very merry, no matter how minor the key, for this new use of syncopation brings an excitement to nerve centers: and some strain of barbarism that is dormant in every vital human being, responds to the mystery of the Jazz.

Here in America the sculptors, too, are seeking life mysteries, Nadelman, Epstein, Lachaise, Laurent, for instance, all have found a new expression for a new thought. Through free verse, in spite of its quicksands, an intensely realistic mood has crept into our poetry, and the very freedom of technique has liberated the spirit. The painter no less than the other workers in the arts are testing new mediums for intensely new interests. Arthur B. Davies has looked deeply into the mysteries surrounding his art and has drawn to himself a large measure of that essential to beauty, rhythm. As he looks out *over* life, rather than *through* it, he sees the wonder of it, and the extraordinary grace and the immense possibilities of living fragments of the soul of the world through color. He is a mystic, which thought would probably annoy him greatly. But he could not deny that he, too, is a seeker for the sources of knowledge to feed his inspiration.

Just a few days, in the Wildenstein Galleries, I found an exhibition of the work of one woman, whose paintings and drawings all discover to the observer her thirst for the Pierrian Springs. In her earlier serious work, Rose O'Neill's expression always lay outside that borderland of interest beyond which is mystery and bewilderment. There was a hint of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, quite unconscious I am sure, in the pattern of her woman's faces, fair and dreamlike—lovelier and younger than Rossetti, curious, unreal women, seeking the Eleuthenian Mysteries. But not finding them. That is written in their youthful, wistful faces and yearning bodies.

Now Rose O'Neill is showing her mature work.

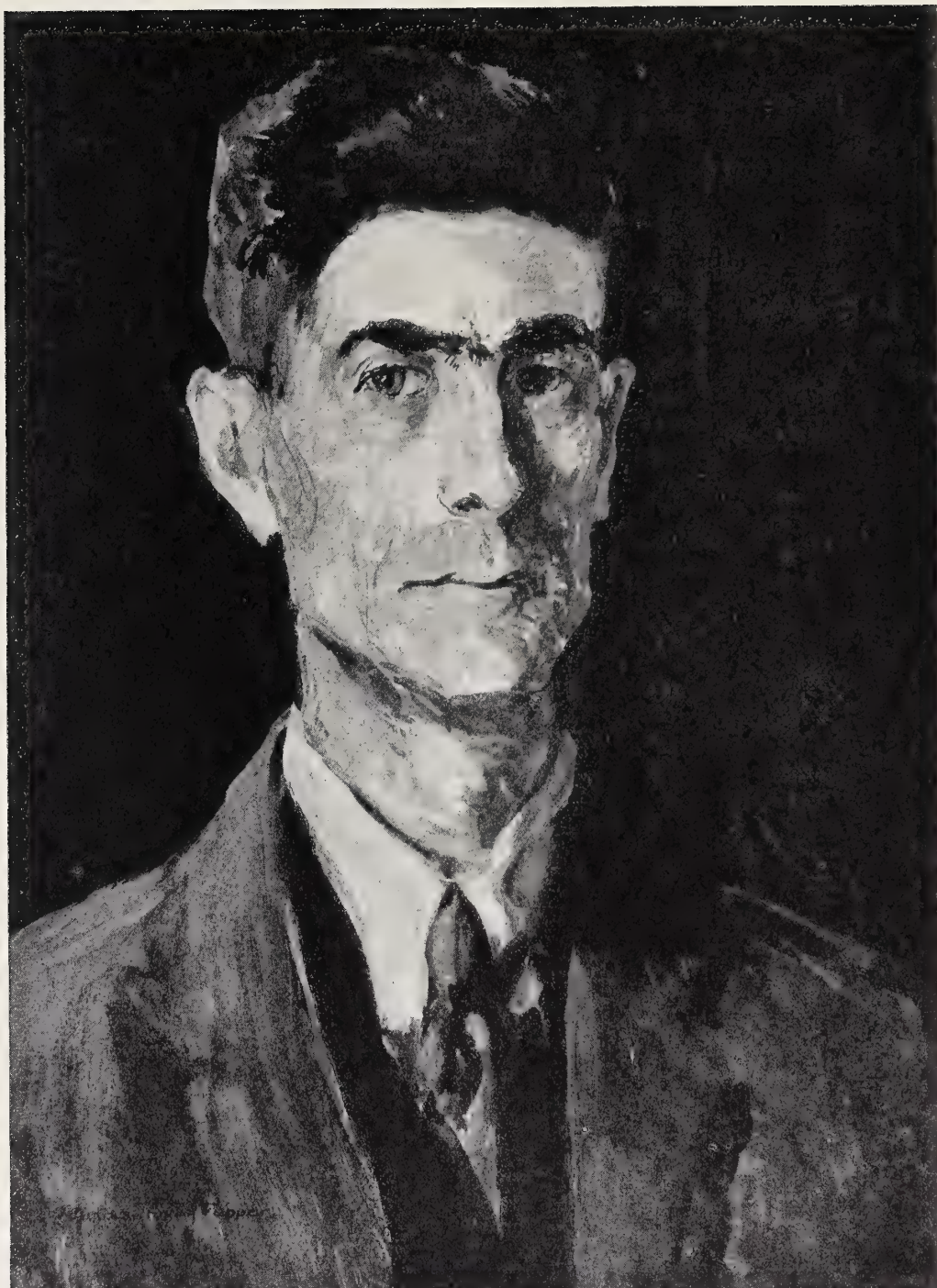
Her fanciful young women have floated way into the clouds of their own dreams. And in their place are men and women who are often symbols of force, of emotion rather than individual character. She seems to have slipped back in thought to the first stirring of life in *primaeval* matter. In her drawings are great substantial forms, still with the quality of the earth, like the hills against which they rest. Slow, immobile, mighty forces seem to have wrested them from impersonal matter. They have the quality of an upheaval rather than of a development.

You feel that Rose O'Neill is taken up with the earth as stupendous, brooding, fecund, giving birth to immeasurable expressions, many still very close to the soil—scarcely more than a yearning, a fear, a hope—fearsome because of power without direction. There are great mountains of men and women, dangerous as mountains set in motion would be. Desire is in them and longing. They move without consciousness of disaster. Some of the simplest outlines seem little more than a determined purpose to exist, wholly without conscious separation from the soil.

It is the earth teeming with creative energy that obsesses Rose O'Neill. And she seeks to express this urge for life in many strange primordial forms, bodies in great sculptural masses, unsharpened by mental and spiritual perplexities. You feel her effort to grasp the beginning of days, to understand Nature as the embodiment of the purpose of sex. And out of this caldron of powerful desire she endeavors to mold and establish the genesis of human existence.

But this is not all the exhibition. There are the more beautiful and final expressions of human expressions, born of an enriched imagination, representing more modern phases of civilization, some merely beautiful people in the thrall of intense emotion, others symbols of emotion rather than actually expressing it. Perhaps one of the most significant of the symbolic paintings is called "The Tree." From the body of a woman a pale green tree in whorls of beauty fills the upper part of her canvas. The roots reach down to the heart of this body of rich warm beauty. Again the sense of maternity is expressed, the beauty of the earth and the beauty of the woman inextricably woven.

That strange, mysterious slanting head, so often used in her earlier drawings of women has in these later pictures "developed," if that term is permissible, into the mysterious "Faunness," and the soft rolls of hair over the temple have stiffened into



LYNDEN

CHARLES HOVEY PEPPER

Courtesy Doll and Richards

goat's horns, curving down back the ears and reaching the shoulders, giving a satyr-like quality to the face, curiously combined with the broad forehead and the dreamy eyes of an Italian madonna.

Between Rose O'Neill's simple Rodinesque drawings (the few shown at the exhibition, which tell a lucid, comprehensive tale in a free sweeping line) and the mass of the paintings, there is a divergence in technique almost unbelievable. Most of the paintings and the large black and white drawings seem

almost obliterated under a thin web of fine black lines. When Rose O'Neill has the extraordinary power to indicate outline, mass and bulk by a dozen miraculous strokes, the volume of these tiny, curly lines seem not only unnecessary but at times almost fretful.

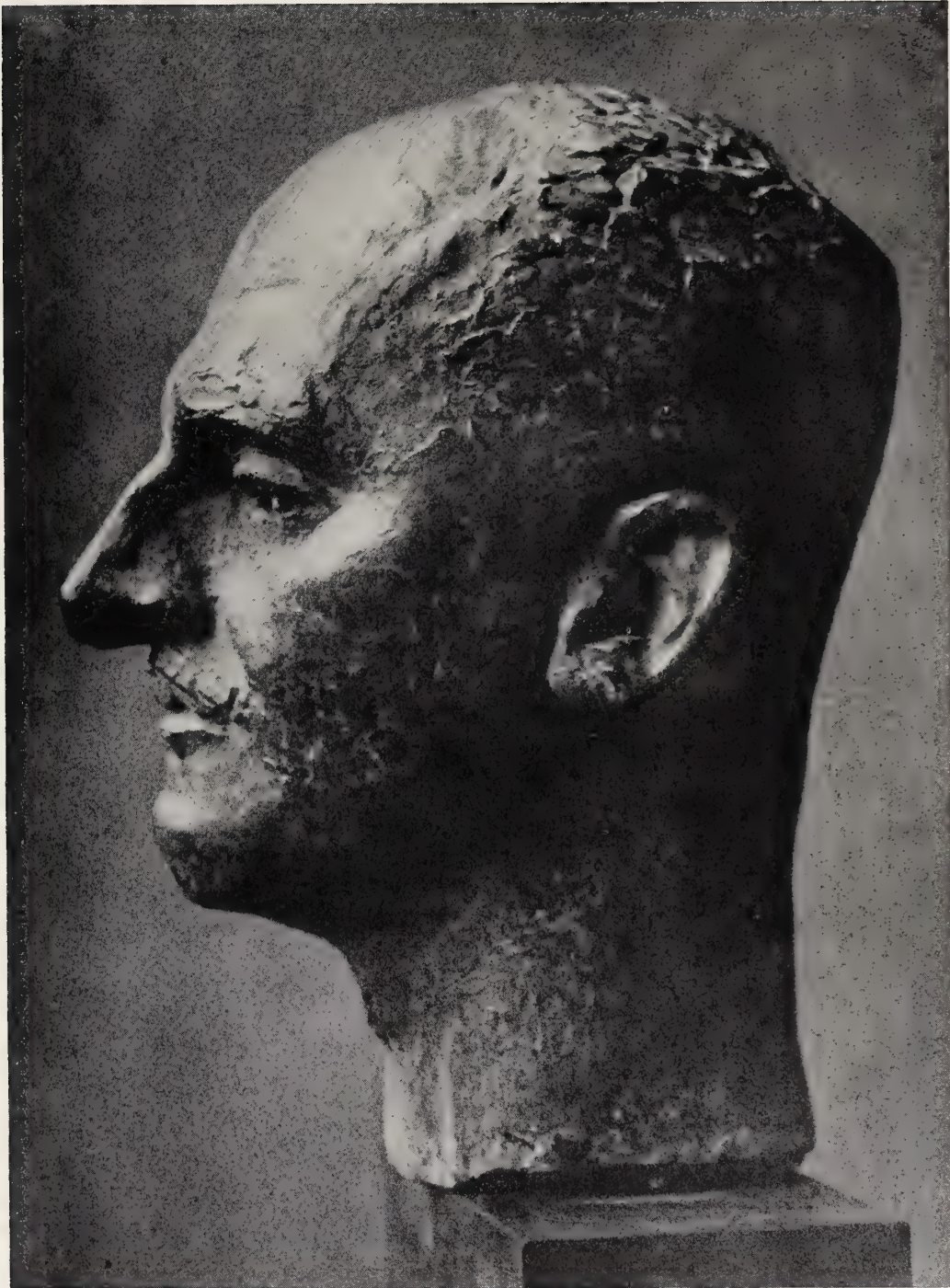
There is a humor of a kind in Rose O'Neill's work—a titanic humor that is like the fantastic quality that often appears in the profile of a huge rock or down the curve of a mountainside, Nature's sardonic smile.



SAPLINGS BY THE RIVER

PIETER VAN VEEN

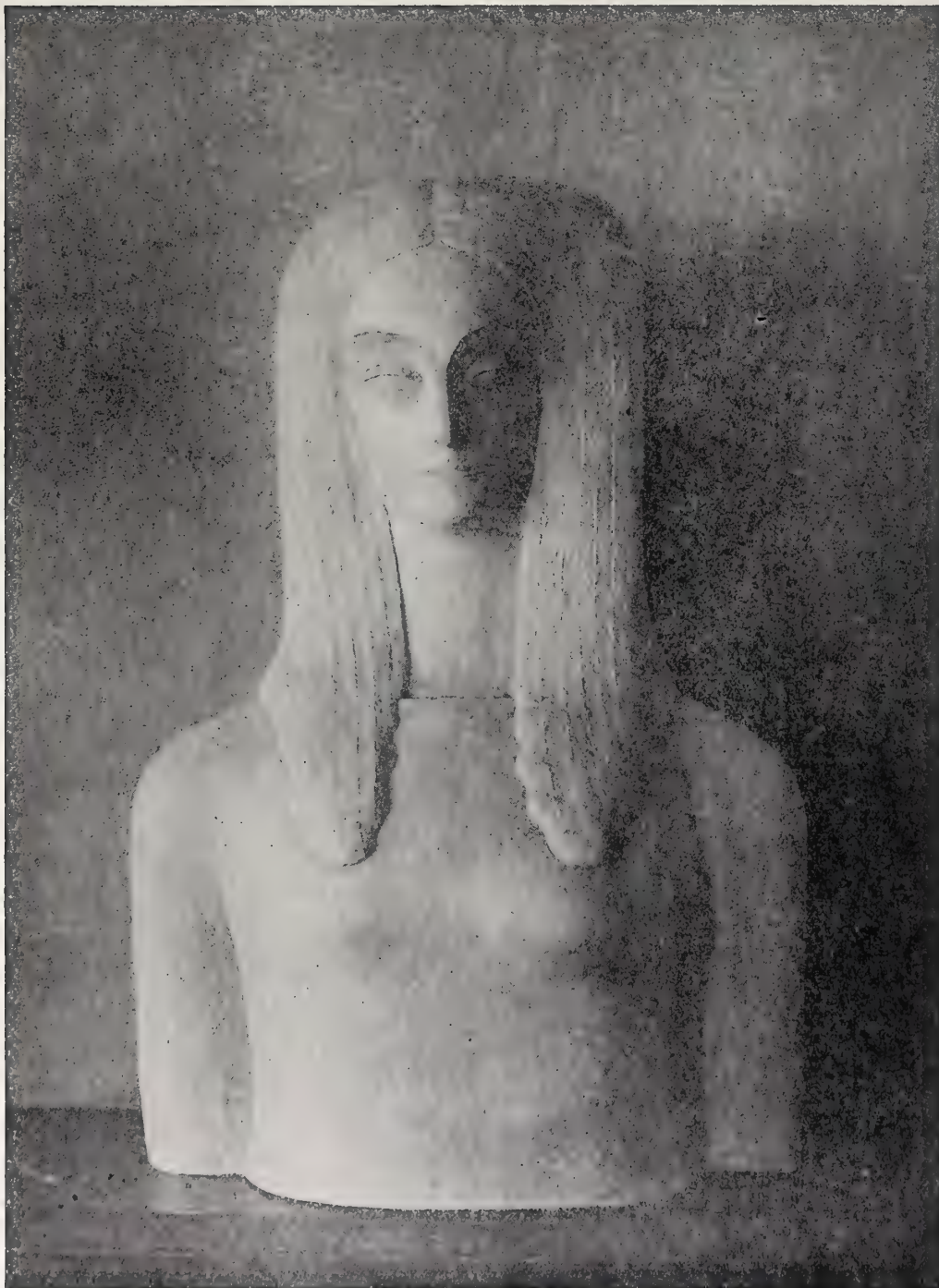
Courtesy Howard Young Galleries



THE LATE LIEUT. T. E. HULME

JACOB EPSTEIN

Courtesy of the Sculptors' Gallery



BUST OF WOMAN

Courtesy Bourgeois Galleries

ALFEO FAGGI



TORSO

Courtesy of Bourgeois Galleries

LEHMBRUCK

COMMENT ON THE ARTS

GETTING out of the Interboro subway at Sheridan Square, it is a short walk over to the Whitney Studio Club. Miss Gladys Brown is the deity who presides over the club. She does so with such ease and tact that I was rather surprised to hear her ask Rockwell Kent and myself, whom she found, Rockwell sitting on the stairs and me on the umbrella stand in the hall, engaged in most earnest conversation: "Are you quarreling again?" Where in the name of common sense did Gladys Brown ever get the idea that Rockwell Kent and I had ever quarreled, or ever would quarrel? That was a *faux-pas* if ever there was one. I am positively sure, however, that it was her first offense and so we shall be lenient.

Miss Gladys Brown should have realized that the reason we were in the hall instead of being in the exhibition rooms was a reason very flattering to the art of Boardman Robinson. We were in the hall because we were trying to get away from Robinson's art, which is so engrossing that we could not have talked easily about our own concerns if we had been looking at Robinson's drawings. We hadn't seen each other for a year and a day and we each had a lot to say to one another, for much water passes under the Pont Neuf in a year and a day. Besides which Miss Brown knows I am a Quaker and she ought to know that Quakers are meek, inoffensive people, especially Joseph Pennell. That is why I find her question so hard to forgive.

Perhaps John Sloan has been telling her what a bad man I really am. If he has I do think it is a bit mean, for Miss Brown and I used to gossip over afternoon tea together, and if she believed one-tenth of what John Sloan has said about me there would be no more gossiping over afternoon tea.

All of which is a digression from the business we have on hand, which is to see Robinson's show and go on to the Salmagundi exhibition.

Boardman Robinson is probably our greatest caricaturist. His caricatures are full of meat. They hit a man below the belt perhaps, but that is perfectly fair in caricature. The men whom Robinson hits below the belt doubtless deserve the punishment he gives them.

IT'S a peculiar smell at the Salmagundi, not at all unpleasant, not the close smell that you get at places like Delmonico's. Let us hastily walk around the rooms, Costigan, "Winter" (a good one, but then Costigan is good even when he is bad); Freedlander's "Benedetto," Elliot Torrey (one of his waterfalls), Frank T. Hutchens, Lester Boronda, Guy Wiggins

("New York, Night"), Detwiller, Richard M. Kimbel, Greacen, Eliot Clark, Ritschel, Swope, Hobart Nichols, Chauncey Ryder, Harry Leith-Ross, Horace Brown, Lucas, Pieter Van Veen, George Pearse Ennis ("Bucknam Head," which got the Shaw prize of \$1,000), a good portrait by Ipsen, Folinsbee, Henry B. Snell (Snell is always good), Sloan, Bredin, Armin Hansen ("Idlers," well designed, very good in color), Wiegand, George Laurence Nelson (a waterfall), H. A. Vincent, Walter Farndon ("The River Border," the best Farndon I have ever seen), Vonnoh, Eddy, Eggleston, Charles Reiffel, Murray Bewley (affected, but effective), Charles S. Chapman, F. De Haven, Paul King, H. E. Bedford, Pancoast, Albert Rosenthal, Edmond Weill, Francis Dixon, H. F. Waltman (a fine, bold bit of color composition), Conrow, H. Van Buren Magonigle ("Pattern in Violet and Gold," a good bit of work somewhat in the style of Whistler's "Battersea Bridge"), Starkweather, Karl Anderson ("Wisteria," the Isador prize of \$100, a good thing), Quinlan, John Noble ("Moonlight Audierne," Salmagundi prize of \$1,000, another good thing), Todd Lindenmuth ("A Pennsylvania Bridge," a mighty good painting), Birge Harrison, Frank M. Moore ("Grey Day, Mason's Island," sensitive and suggestive in its beauty), and Harry L. Hoffman's "Zinnias."

The radicals will tell me I am tottering on the grave to go to such shows and enjoy them. May I totter a long time on the grave!

DO not miss the show at Wanamaker's, a good one. Here modernists of many nationalities are shown together.

Twelve artists are represented, five Americans, one Mexican, four Frenchmen and two Russians, man and wife—Natalie Gonchorova and Mikhail Larionov.

These Russians, who made their New York debut at the Kingore Galleries only a few months ago, have sent us direct the ten canvases with which they were represented at the Paris Salon d'Automne. These paintings have never heretofore been seen in New York and were not a part of the Kingore collection. They are the latest thing in ultra-modern art.

Diego M. Rivera, Jean Metzinger, Miklos and Albert Gleizes are represented with ten canvases, all of which will be of great public interest, as they show the early cubists' experimentations toward abstraction. These canvases are all pre-war. Rivera's group is especially complete, while Metzinger is



MARCHANDE D'ORANGES

NATALIE GONCHOROVA

Courtesy of Belmaison Galleries, Wanamaker's

shown in his early color interpretations. Albert Gleizes is here as a cubist primitive. Marcoussis, a name well known in France, but still obscure here, and today one of the leaders of the ultra-moderns, exhibits a large canvas.

When we come to the Americans, there is Sayen, a young Philadelphian, who died practically unknown. He is well represented: Dickinson, De-muth, Wood-Gaylor and Sheeler are all familiar names. They have sent characteristic canvases.

I had not known Sayen's work. The other paintings show a side of art with which I was familiar.

Go see the Wanamaker show, and get in the Salmagundi also. The two exhibitions are characteristic of the two chief influences in art.

ALBERT STERNER is showing drawings at the Junior Art Patrons' Gallery. It is somewhat the fashion in these days of ultra-modernism to under-rate the work of Albert Sterner. I once took tea in London in a home where almost the only works of art were Sterner's original illustrations for a novel. The effect was pleasing. It was not the great art of a Giotto or even of a Michel Angelo, but as we sipped our tea and talked of Italian politics (it was at George Macauley Trevelyan's) it was pleasant to have the intense earnestness of the conversation softened by the Sterner illustrations. It would have been unpleasant to have had the austerity of a group of Holbein drawings as a background for conversation. You wonder how came it that Trevelyan had so many drawings by Albert Sterner. You did not know that he married Mrs. Humphry Ward's daughter and that thus the Trevelyans fell heirs to a lot of the illustrations which Albert Sterner had made for one of Mrs. Ward's novels. Wednesday I had tea at the Junior Art Patrons'. Again the Sterner drawings were the background for the conversation. They serve the purpose admirably. But you object that it is slight praise to say that a man's art forms a fitting background for an afternoon reception. I object to your objection. What is Watteau's art but just a most pleasing background for a social function? And yet at the Bonn sale of drawings recently held in London a drawing by Watteau brought two and three times the prices which drawings by Holbein and Rembrandt brought. Albert Sterner is a follower of Watteau. Unconsciously his spirit is much the same. It is a style which is not in favor with the artists, but if we may judge from the Bonn sale, it is popular with collectors. So we may shortly expect to see cars lined up in front of the Junior Art Patrons and footmen descending with Albert Sterner's drawings

under their arms and a crowd of artists on the sidewalk opposite explaining to every one who will listen: "Sterner's work is pretty but it isn't art."

TO say that Jacob Epstein's art is disappointing is to express the case very mildly. Right at the start let me say that with the exception of "Doves" it is not sculptural, and "Doves" is so strongly influenced by Brancusi that it is not Epstein. Nowhere (except in "Doves") does it express the emotions which can best be expressed in sculpture. Epstein's sculpture is "painty." It is a translation of paint into bronze. It is not sculpturesque in the sense that Lachaise's sculpture is sculpturesque. It is at times pretty, at times weakly sentimental, at times academic. There is endless repetition of simple formulæ, formulæ so simple that one seizes them almost instantaneously.

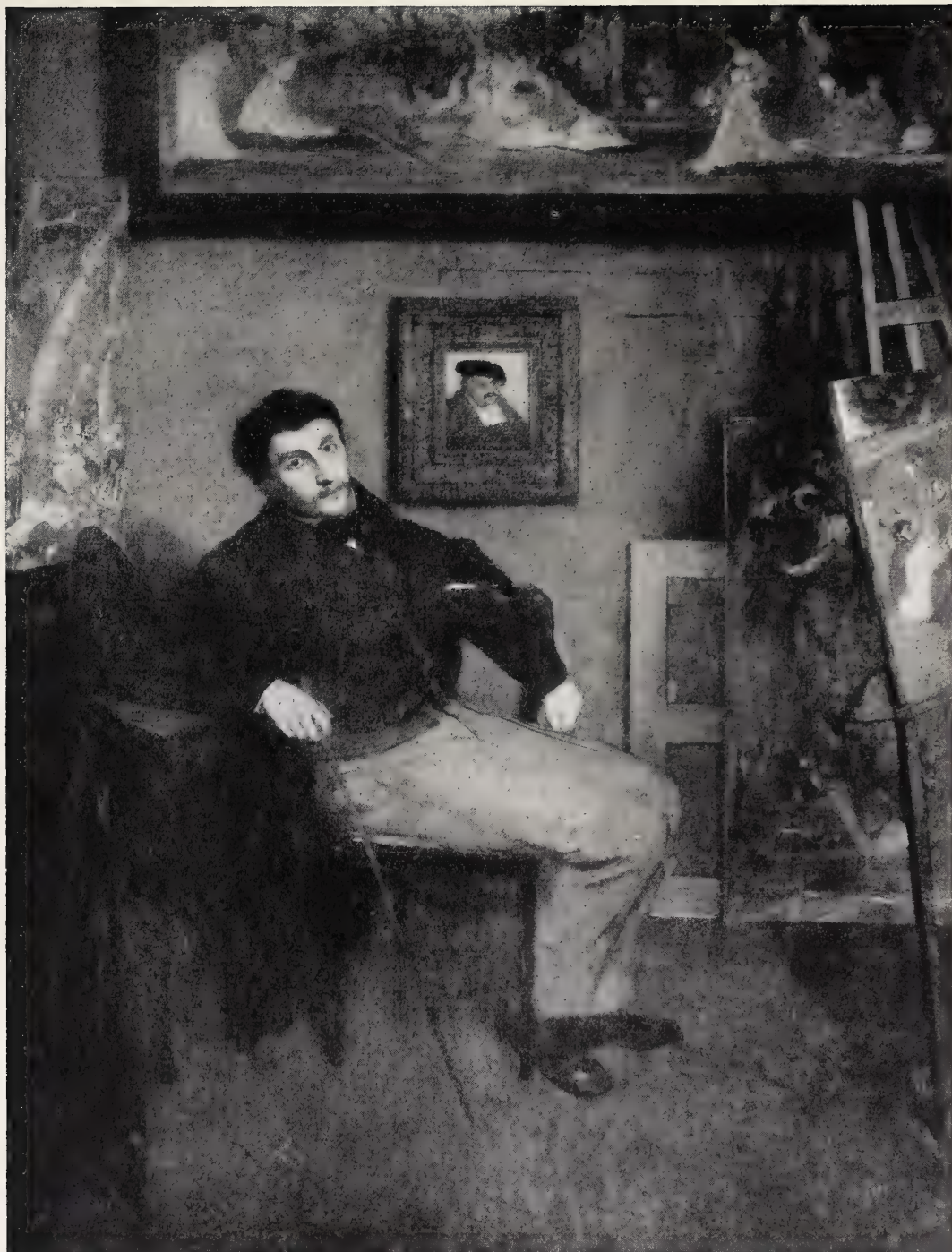
All this I say in sorrow, for I know what a sensation Epstein's work has made in London, and I remember how much his personality impressed me when I met him in London. He is not a born sculptor. He lacks the instinct for the sculpturesque. He does not seem to lack ideas, but such ideas as he has he is unable to put into sculptural form.

THE Boutet de Monvel show has opened at Dudensing's, Boutet de Monvel and his friends. You should see it, for it has great beauty.

DEGAS at the Kelekian sale, Degas at the Grolier Club, and now it's Degas at Durand-Ruel's. At Durand-Ruel's they appreciated the danger of an anti-climax. They knew that if their show of Degas did not eclipse everything that had gone before, it would be reckoned a failure. It does eclipse all that has gone before. It is therefore an absolute success.

There is hardly anything in the show which will come as a surprise, nothing in the line of the bronzes shown at the Grolier Club. But if there are few surprises in the show how can it so eclipse the Degas exhibitions which have gone before? It is because the pictures shown are all of the highest quality. They show a wide range from the earliest work to his declining years. Of each epoch the work shown is representative of his best work.

CAN you think of anything more difficult than to live an active life in the modern world and to be faithful to an idea? It requires an immense amount of faith in the ultimate victory of the idea irrespective of human effort. It requires a drowning of self.



PORTRAIT

Courtesy Durand-Ruel

DEGAS

The modern world calls for energy, "pep," as those who are active in the modern world call it. There is so much shouting in the market places that to be heard one has to shout louder than his neighbors. There is Satan in the form of a newspaper reporter to lead you away from ideas into the realm of fist-fights and personal abuse. The newspaper recognizes that nothing is so interesting to the average man as a quarrel. How the crowd gathers on the corner to see a dog fight!

The only conflict which should have any interest to man is the conflict of ideas, but there still remains within most of us so much of the animal nature of our ancestors, that we leave a discussion of principles and rush to the window to see two boys pummeling each other in the street. This may merely indicate that we recognize that we may discuss ideas at any time, but a fight can only be seen—shall I say—rarely, in this advanced civilization of ours?

Principles are based on facts. We deduce them from facts and when we speak of concrete facts we run afoul of other men. As Christopher Morley says:

"I can always keep my temper
When I'm alone.
It's only other folks
That rile me."

It is the running afoul of other men instead of sticking to a discussion of abstract principles, which causes trouble. Yet it is hard to discuss principles, as we have said, without speaking of the facts which illustrate the working of the principles.

So it has been with the unfortunate row in the Society of Independent Artists; the principles have become obscured by the twisting of all discussion of principles into a conflict of personalities.

Let us see just where the issue lies. The other side believes that publicity is the great factor in modern life and that the Society must officially feature the prominent members and the eccentricities of the show. Our side believes that such publicity is not consistent with the aims of the society, which are to give an equal chance to every member. We also believe that such publicity does not permanently increase the interest in art.

Perhaps I have been wrong in ever speaking of the facts in the publicity campaign conducted by the Independents. Perhaps it would have been better to have avoided all reference to persons. Yet the abuse of the publicity which has featured persons and eccentricities in the art world has proven how right our arguments for impersonal publicity, for publicity which speaks of principles rather than of

persons, has been. Without concrete examples it is difficult to show how principles break down. Perhaps I have been over bitter in my denunciation of abuses. If I have been I regret it. Yet I am not at all sure that a milder attack would have brought the crisis to a head. You must not forget that the directors of the Society of Independent Artists are the directors of an organization founded for the spreading of the interest in art and for enabling every artist to get a fair hearing. The directors are in a position of trust. An abuse of that trust is far more grave than it would be if the society were not a public institution soliciting financial support. That is why I am not at all sure that my attack has been too bitter. For, even if we accept in principle the idea of personal publicity, the records show a gross abuse of that idea.

THE Independent show is a good one this year. I do not know that it is any better than last year's show. It is also a bad one, if you only look at the rubbish, and there is plenty of it (is there not more than usual?). However, that is always a feature of the Independent, and we must expect it. This year the show begins with the letter X (you remember that letters are thrown in a hat and they pick out one and that is the letter of the first room). The artists whose names begin with X are, therefore, grouped in the first room. Then follow Y, Z, A and through to V. As it happens, only one artist's name begins with X—John Xeron. He is grouped in the first room. The Zorachs are in it also with three harmonious, decorative panels, and George C. Ault, whose work is ever improving. Then there is John Alger (landscapes very simple in form and rhythm), Marjorie Acker, Alex. Altenburg (a born colorist), Theodore Butler, Reynolds Beat, Bellows (two landscapes, very good in parts).

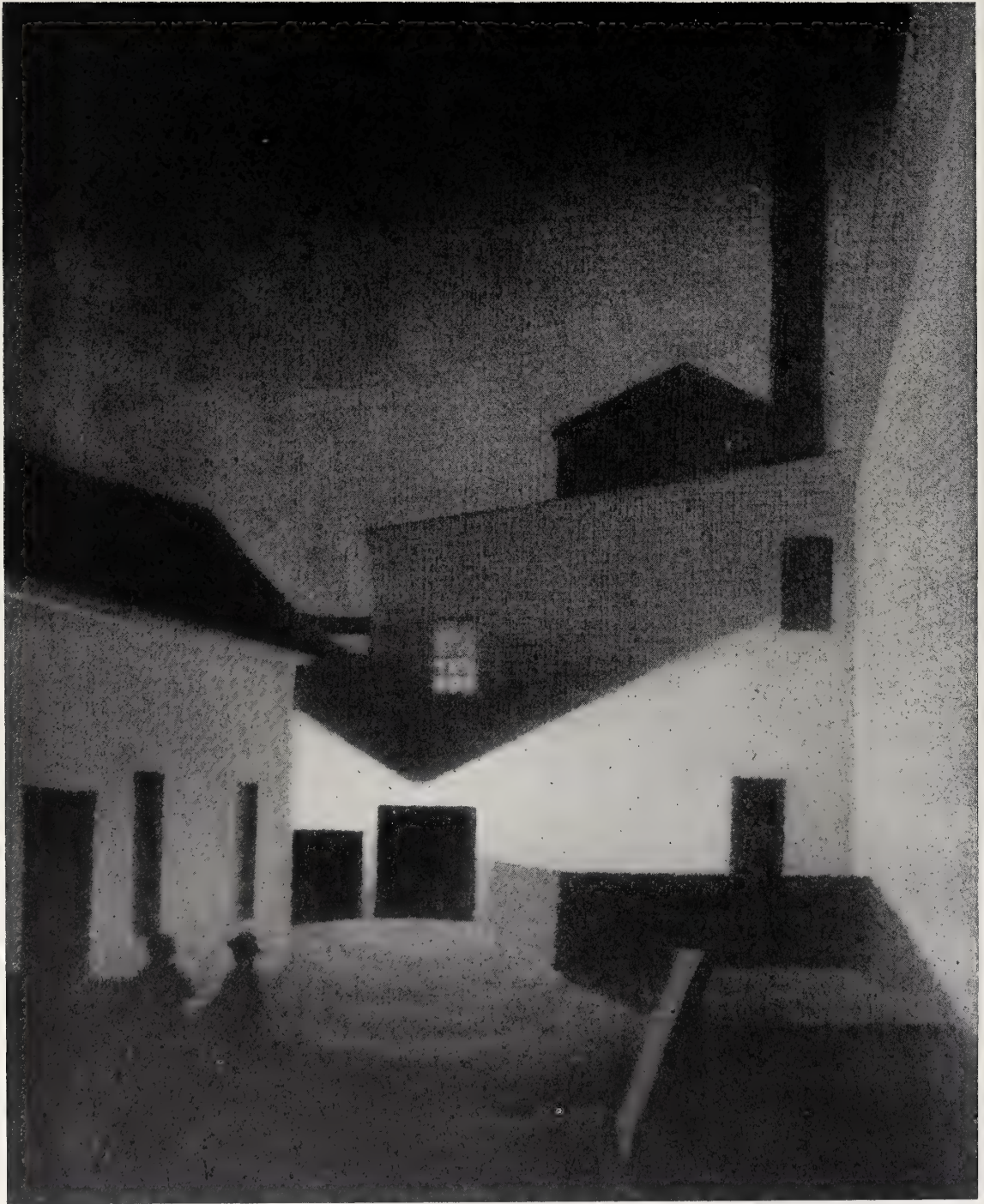
We go up two steps and are in a small room, where I note particularly the work of Henry R. Beekman, J. E. Bourquin (I like his snow landscape more than the head), Baylinson, Mrs. Brumback and M. Baxte. Then beyond Theresa Bernstein, Irving Brokaw, Glenn O. Coleman, Jennie Van Fleet Cowdery, A. P. Couard, John Cuming, Stewart Crise, Dorothea A. Dreier, Rudolph Dirk, Stuart Davis, Dulah Marie Evans, Eilshemius (one of the finest I have ever seen), a stunning vaudeville (?) troupe in Spanish or Italian costumes, unsigned, and, alas, I have no catalog, Grossman, Gardner, Elizabeth Grandin, Glackens, Morris Kantor, Julia Kelly, F. H. Kidder (by some mischance I have skipped an entire room), Miss Kimball's decorative statues for a swimming pool with others ready to



FACTORY

Courtesy Society of Independent Artists

STEFAN HIRSCH



THE ENGINE ROOM DOOR

GEORGE C. AULT

Courtesy Society of Independent Artists



SUNDAY

C. BERTRAM HARTMAN

Courtesy Montross Gallery

plunge down into the pool, Alexander O. Levy (who has come on much during the year), C. F. Loudon, who has two beautiful flower studies, Luisi, Blanche Lazzell, Zorach's mahogany bambino, McPherson, Gus Mayer, Violet Mege, Herman F. Nagel, Agnes Pelton, Anne Merriman Peck, Ethel Louise Paddock, Harry Pfeiffer, Pandick, John O'Shea's excellent portrait of Pop Hart, Esq., Alpha K. Rosenthal, Schnakenberg, Carl Sprinchorn, Florine Stetthimer, Henrietta M. Shore, Niles Spencer, Toshi Shimizu, William Sanger, Lillian Spanuth, John Sloan (I like the upper landscape especially), Jean Paul Slusser (an admirable nude), Christian Schiott (a portrait bust of Mrs. Mallory, the tennis champion), Winthrop Turney, Hineman Vaughn Thomas, Isabel L. Whitney and Claggett Wilson. This is just a résumé, what they call a "once over."

LET us run through the galleries again and see what more there is to see. In the first room we missed the two paintings by Jack B. Yeats. Here is the work of a man of the utmost sincerity. The art is objective and yet there is beneath the calm exterior of the paintings deep feeling. The work is significant. So, too, is the work of George C. Ault, who in "The Engine Room Door" has accomplished something which in many ways is akin to Yeats' work. Decorative qualities have been added but they do not add to the intrinsic value of the painting. Edith C. Barry in "A Picnic" has taken a page out of Manet's sketchbook, but she has not Manet's felicity of expression. Paul Bartlett (I presume it is the sculptor) has apparently been painting at Provincetown. He paints well and, to those who are not too "ultra," his view of Provincetown gives a good impression of the place. Mrs. Brumback's work I enjoy more because, although I am not too "ultra," I do like a certain amount of pepper in my soup, and Mrs. Brumback knows just about how much to put in. In my catalog I have marked as being good the work of Fred Heppner Buchholz and Florence Cane, but I have forgotten their paintings. Oscar Cecard's and R. Christiansen's works come back to me, especially Christiansen's "Winter," which has much of the truth and beauty of Jack Yeats' art.

The sculpture as a whole is disappointing, save for the work of Nessa Cohen, Alice Morgan Wright, H. M. Linding, Trygve Hammer, Texie Myers and Mrs. H. P. Whitney. Much of the sculpture does not look like hand work, but as if it had been cut by some machine. It does not show man's struggle with his materials. The granite looks as if it had been mastered easily.

Glen Coleman's art is ripening. You know how pear's ripen in a dark room and how much more luscious they are than when they ripen on the tree. Couard, Jennie Van Fleet Cowdery, Stewart Crise, John Cuming—good art all of it.

Mell Daniel is a surprising young man. He has a way of landing on his feet, but you never know where to find him. I never would have recognized as his the "Decorative Panel" he sent to the Independent. It is very striking, original, beautiful. There is in it a humorous streak which Daniel has never before shown in his art, and a melodramatic quality not less foreign to his former work.

On we go, Daugherty, Stuart Davis, Rudolph Dirks, Frank Dixon, Doederlein, Dorothea Dreier, Victoria Ebbels, Louis Eilshemius (two of the most beautiful landscapes in the show), Dulah Marie Evans, Ernest Fiene, Walter Fitch, Mary Foote, Laura Forbes, Alfred Fruer, Fred D. Gardner, Hugo Gellert, Glackens, Grossman, Gussow.

Dorothea Hale is a painter with a very lovely sense of design, with a sense of quality in the surface of paint, with a delicate fancy. Samuel Halpert has a feeling for design which is unusual. His color harmonies are unusual, and yet they would appeal even to a novice in the art of harmonizing shades of color. George Hart is turning to dry-point and lithography successfully. He is putting his sense of humor to work and one would suppose from his ease of execution that he had been doing such work all his life. Less spontaneous than George ("Pop") Hart is Leon Hart, whose still life reminds one of Mell Daniel. His landscape is also reminiscent, but not of Daniel, but of certain modern Frenchmen.

C. Bertram Hartman is reaching out to fuller, richer harmonies of color. Few men of our day have such command over their pallets. Edith Hawthorth does not follow any single god for any great length of time. Her latest god is Matisse, if we are to judge from "Iris." Helen West Heller has no god so far as I can see but her individual caprice. How individual her work is. Her things hit you as paragraphs from an intimate autobiography. She is sensitive to the beauty of head and hands, sensitive to the expression of things.

MARCH twentieth was the formal opening of the Thayer Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Over Thayer's talent a battle is waging. Many of my friends deny his talent and accuse me of being a sentimentalist. They tell me that no one but a sentimentalist could enjoy Thayer as I do, and some go a step further and tell



CORNISH HEADLAND

ABBOTT H. THAYER

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



PORTRAIT OF ANNE PALMER

ABBOTT H. THAYER

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



PORTRAIT OF YOUNG GIRL

ABBOTT H. THAYER

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



PORTRAIT OF MISS MATHEWSON

ABBOTT H. THAYER

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



PORTRAIT OF ALICE FREEMAN PALMER ABBOTT H. THAYER
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

me that I know on which side my bread is buttered.

To which I now answer that the present exhibition confirms me in my feeling that Abbott Thayer is one of the greatest painters America has yet produced. I have no hesitation in proclaiming it to the city and to the world.

Here is a man who appreciates as few men do the beauty of the aristocratic American women. Their beauty is a thing unique, quite different from the European conception of beauty, but to me there is nothing fairer in the world. It is an ideal of a beauty which is passing away as we talk about it. The American woman of today leads a life quite different from what her grandmothers were living sixty years ago. Modern life does not bring out the qualities of an aristocratic race. We are losing our manners.

THE painting reproduced on the cover is a Winslow Homer. No doubt our editor knows to whom we are indebted for this cut, but we are at a loss to know whom to thank.

IT is time that some one should write critically of Vlaminck's art, of Vlaminck's art of the last ten years, for it is only his more recent work which is being shown at the Brummer Gallery. About 1912 Vlaminck discovered how effective the work of the professional picture-maker was. I am now talking of the professional who sells his picture, gold frame, shadow box and all for \$7.98. Such work must be effective or it would not sell at all. It bears the same relation to academic art that the vaudeville one-act comedy does to legitimate drama. The average vaudeville comedy is effective. It has to be effective.

Now Vlaminck appreciated how dramatic the art of the professional picture was and he felt that if to its dramatic qualities could be added a finer appreciation for surface, for form, and a greater variety of themes, we would have an art which would have the better characteristics of the paintings of the professional picture-maker greatly heightened by passing through the mind of an artist.

The danger of Vlaminck's position is obvious. Founded on work which was thoroughly commercial, there was the temptation to accept the prototype in its crudity and to manufacture paintings with no regard to their esthetic quality. Vlaminck has not entirely avoided the danger. His art at times savors of the commercial, and when it does it loses much of its individuality.

I remember talking to Picasso about the beauty of the commercial painting of fifty or sixty years ago.

"It is beautiful," he said, "because it is so clear. The houses are houses and the walls have the quality of walls. Each thing is just what it is supposed to be and I can tell you it took much feeling at the start to abstract from each object its fundamental quality. That this form of painting has degenerated into mere reiteration of a banal formula does not take from the splendor of the original conception."

Picasso has not built his own art on that of the professional picture maker, but his frank admiration for such art may have been the means of starting Vlaminck on his present path.

Let us now see just what beauty Vlaminck has added to the work of the professional picture maker. First, in his oppositions, his contrasts, he has added to the dramatic, to the romantic quality of the prototype. He takes a spray of white blossoms and paints them against a black-brown background and the blossoms sing. He uses the conventions of the decorator of Chinese porcelain, who gives to each object its maximum degree of beauty. As long as Vlaminck conceived his landscape as having individuality all went well, but the time would come when he couldn't conceive something new, but he would work without any inspiration but that of his formula. Formulae do not take the place of life.

A. H. CORSON is showing at the John Levy Galleries paintings which show how picturesque are the environs of a modern American city. He is from Pittsburgh and most of his paintings show Pittsburgh or its immediate environs. Mr. Corson is a skillful painter who appreciates what is picturesque, and has the skill to translate it into paint. I enjoyed especially "A Winter Morning on the Harlem River."

AT the general meeting of The New Society of Artists, the following members were chosen as officers for the year 1922-1923:

Chairman: Gari Melchers; Vice-Chairman, George W. Bellows; Secretary, Joseph Pennell; Treasurer, John Flanagan.

Council: Gifford Beal, A. Sterling Calder, Paul Dougherty, Eugene Speicher, Leon Kroll.

THE Greacen show at the Macbeth Gallery is like the last Greacen show. It is neither better nor worse. Mr. Greacen has a feeling for grays which is exceptional. He understands their use as few of his contemporaries do, yet he falls short of Twachtman and of Puvis de Chavannes. His pictures look more artificial in their arrangement than Twachtman's, less spontaneous in conception.



GIRL ARRANGING HER HAIR

ABBOTT H. THAYER

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Gardner Symons show is better than his last exhibition. His larger paintings do not greatly move me. I find them too much alike both in subject and in treatment. The smaller landscapes and his recent still lifes hit me harder. He has done a number of mighty good things.

I AM able now to report progress as to the formation of the new society, "The Salons of America." There are to be forty directors of whom the following thirty have accepted: John Alger, Oscar Bluemner, Frederick K. Detwiller, Alfeo Faggi, Hamilton Easter Field, Edwin Booth Grossmann, George O. Hart, C. Bertram Hartman, Samuel Halpert, Stefan Hirsch, Bernard Karfiol, Rockwell Kent, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Gaston Lachaise, Robert Laurent, George Luks, C. A. Mager, Violet Mege, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Elie Nadelman, Edward Nagel, George F. Of, Joseph Stella, Winthrop Turney, A. Walkowitz, H. F. Waltman, Irene Weir, Wood Gaylor, Marguerite Zorach, William Zorach.

Of these directors twenty-two met on Monday, March 20th, at 106 Columbia Heights for the purpose of organizing the society. The following officers were elected:

President—Hamilton Easter Field.

Vice-President—Wood Gaylor.

Treasurer—C. Bertram Hartman.

Recording Secretary—John Alger.

Corresponding Secretary—Robert Laurent.

The following committees were also elected:

Exhibition Committee: Kenneth Hayes Miller, Joseph Stella, George O. Hart, Irene Weir, Gaston Lachaise.

Publicity Committee: C. A. (Gus) Mager, Wood Gaylor, Robert Laurent, H. F. Waltman, Marguerite Zorach.

Finance Committee: C. Bertram Hartman, George F. Of, Elie Nadelman, Stefan Hirsch, Frederick K. Detwiller.

Catalogue Committee: Bernard Karfiol, William Zorach, Edwin Booth Grossmann, Samuel Halpert, Robert Laurent.

As the number of members is limited to two hundred and fifty I would advise all who wish to exhibit with the new society to send their names with the initiation fee (four dollars), 110 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, making checks or money orders payable to the "Salons of America."

And now I hope that all of my readers will feel that we have accomplished something when we have

brought together so many distinguished names in such varying artistic schools.—It seems to me quite a triumph.

Since the meeting of March 20th George C. Ault and Walter Ufer have been added to the list of directors.

WE have come from Keppel's, and after getting splashed by mud as we turned into Madison Avenue, we stopped for a minute looking in at George Of's window with its African negro sculptures. Do not let us stop too long, for we have come to see Lilian Wescott Hale's paintings at the Arlington Galleries and her art is a thing by itself. It has nothing to do with the negro sculpture at Of's. You know that she is Phillip Hale's wife. Do not tell any one, but I really enjoy her work more than her husband's. It is more natural. Take her mother's portrait as an example. The orange red of the sofa jars a bit, but how easily her mother sits upon the sofa and how simple it all is. Who is the lady who seems to be listening to what we are saying, I wonder. She seems to want to speak to me. "Are you not Mr. Field?" "Yes." "Well, I have long wanted to write to you and tell you what a dreadful man you are. I can stand Cezanne at times and Van Gogh but when you praise Matisse and Picasso and Derain it is more than I can stand. I overheard you praising Mrs. Hale's work. You cannot tell me that if you admire Derain you can also like Mrs. Hale's paintings. There comes a point where breadth of vision, as you would call it, doubtless, ceases to be a virtue and becomes hypocrisy. I hope you do not mind my talking frankly?"

We argued the matter and she didn't prevent my enjoying the quality of Mrs. Hale's pictures immensely.

What is it which troubles me in certain of them? One feels too much that the sitters are posing, too much that the still life is arranged, too little the warm human touch of disorder. I would quote Herrick's little poem except that if I did I would get it wrong. However the gist of it is that disorder has more charm

* * * "than when art

Is too precise in every part."

Mrs. Hale should read Herrick. Then if only she could get in addition a bit of Walt Whitman's big, broad, carelessness what a very good painter she would always be! The portrait of her daughter is very "precise in every part" but it has the saving grace of humor. To the left in a very straight-backed chair sits Nancy, a little maid in blue holding



LAVENDER AND OLD IVORY

LILIAN WESTCOTT HALE

Courtesy Arlington Galleries



THE BLUE BOY

GAINSBOROUGH

Courtesy of Duveen Bros.



MARQUIS D'ACQUEVILLE

AIMEE DUVIVIER

Courtesy Ehrich Galleries

an open book, and to the right against the straight, hard wall her dollie, clothed in the same blue, sits on the floor. Above them stretches out a map of troubled Europe. It is a conceit with much charm. Mrs. Hale's landscapes are less obviously arranged. They have much beauty.

JEROME BLUM is less interesting to me in his recent South Sea Island paintings than in his landscapes painted in Southern France and shown at Knoedler's a year or so ago. The South Sea Islands are being abused both in literature and in art. To La Farge and later to Gauguin the South Sea Islands opened up new horizons. To each of them the Islands were virgin soil. How profoundly each was moved by the life, by the landscape, is shown by the fact that the coloring of the paintings which the two men brought back is in each case a complete break with the work which they had done before. In the case of Jerome Blum there has been no break with the past. There has been no profound change in his color harmonies brought about by his journey into the South Sea. The South Sea incident will have but an ephemeral influence upon Jerome Blum. With Gauguin it profoundly modified his entire life.

That Jerome Blum has talent cannot be denied, a very marked talent for decoration but he has not yet shown that he can move us profoundly.

Mrs. Blum's sculpture is suggestive of great things. She has a fine sense of what is sculptural and the results are always pleasing.

MR. HENRY S. EDDY has lost none of his craft. He has gained in skill and he has gained in subtlety. You tell me that you feel less force in his work this year. So do I at first sight, but, as I look, I feel reserve force this year far more than I have in any of his previous paintings. He is no longer asking us to look and to see how very strong he is.

So I feel like congratulating him on his progress. He is like a man who leads a quiet life and salts down a few thousand dollars each year. When he wants to make a sensation he will have the reserve force to make it.

JAIME E. CARRET paints in heavy impasto with glazes and scumblings. His tones are rich and full, at times a bit muddy. Some of his subject matter is taken directly from something seen or felt deeply and at such times he shows how much talent he has (as, for instance, "Scurrying Clouds"). At other times he is somewhat uninspired.

John Westerberg's pastels, also at the Babcock Galleries, are less interesting than Carret's oil paintings. They are a little dull in conception as well as in tone.

ON the second floor at the Art Center Miss Waterbury has been showing a very distinguished group of paintings. They are rather Chinese in color and conception, strong and decorative.

On the ground floor Casilaer Cole is showing portraits, portraits which ought to please the sitters and the families of the sitters, for they are sincere attempts to get to the heart of each of the characters of those who have sat for him, and to render the sitter as faithfully and as reverently as possible. If at times they do not wholly succeed, it is because Mr. Cole is still young.

THEY do not take in anybody at Mrs. Malcom's Gallery, but only the deserving few who have not had one-man shows elsewhere. Miss Katharine Merrill is of the deserving few. She is an etcher and her etchings of country-houses (portraits I feel inclined to call them), of Civil War battlefields, and of City Hall Park, are very successful. It makes a most interesting little show.

FISHERMAN'S HUT is the title of one of Gifford Beal's most successful canvases at the Kraushaar Galleries, a canvas of much beauty and charm. In composition it resembles greatly a painting by Rockwell Kent shown at the Daniel Gallery some years ago, but the spirit is different. It is as different as the spirit of Gifford Beal always is from that of Kent.

"Fisherman's Hut" is characteristic of Gifford Beal's art. It is pleasing, ingratiating. It is not the art of a Michel Angelo.

TWELVE paintings by Horatio Walker are being shown at the Montross Gallery. Horatio Walker is one of the few artists left whose training was the solid training which the art student had forty or fifty years ago. He is of the heroic age when artists were gods and demi-gods. He is of the race of Millet and of Mauve, of Martin and of Homer.

You should try to see his show if only to appreciate what a falling off in technical knowledge there has been on the part of the younger school.

We younger men do not know how to paint.

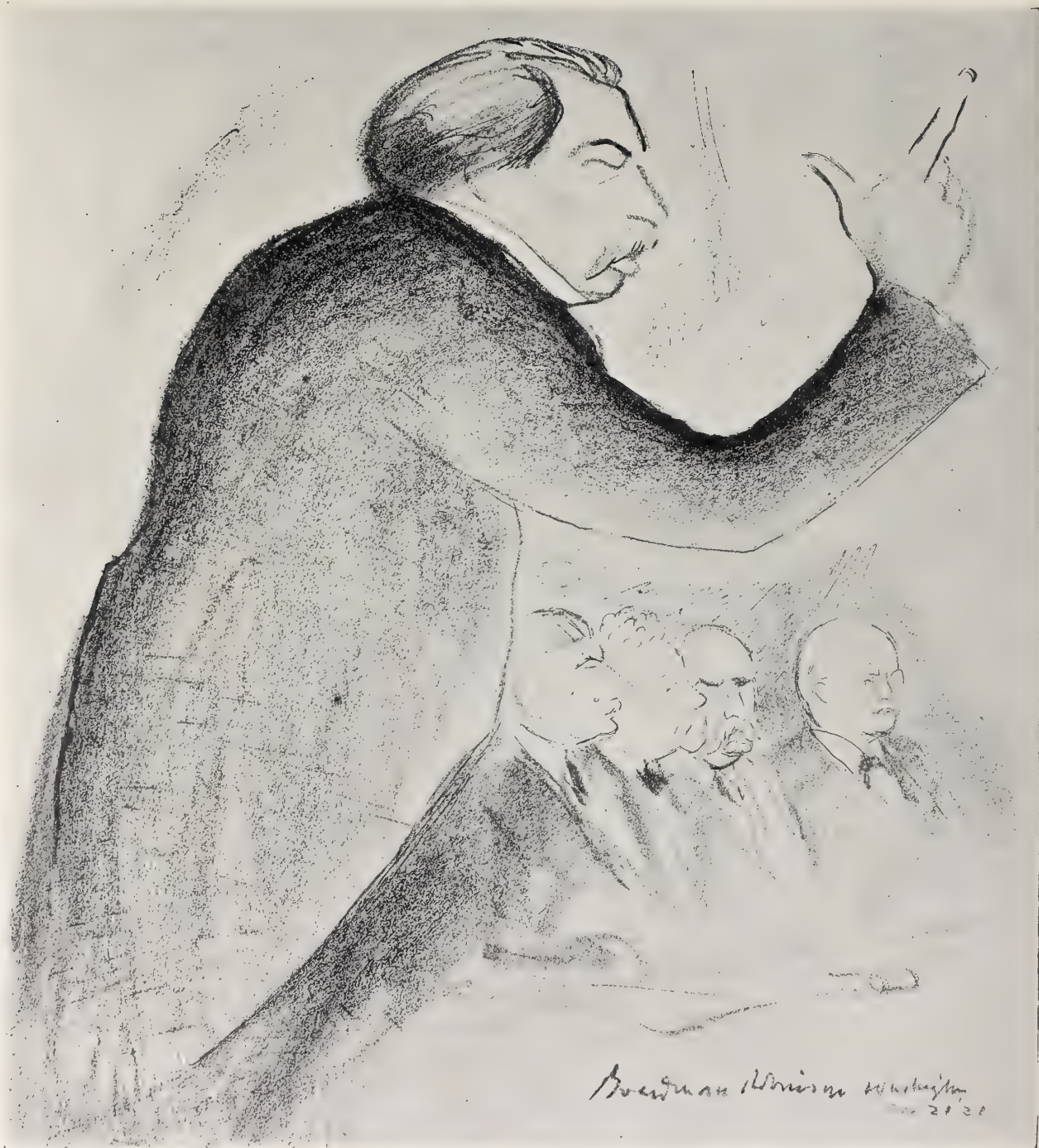
AT the Brummer Gallery Modern Artists of America, a new society, opens its first exhibition on April first. Every one should see it.



MAPLE SUGAR

Courtesy of the Montross Gallery

HORATIO WALKER



ARISTIDE BRIAND

Courtesy Whitney Studio Club

BOARDMAN ROBINSON

AUCTION CALENDAR

AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION

Madison Square South, New York

April 6, evening at Hotel Plaza: Impressionist and Barbizon paintings by Monet, Degas, Pissarro, Sisley, Courbet, Corot, Besnard, Diaz, Harpignies, Jacque, Cazin, Ziem and others, consigned by the art firm of V. Winkel and Magnussen, Copenhagen, Denmark, who obtained the majority from the famous collection owned and exhibited by Monsieur I. Montaignac of Paris at his Galeries Georges Petit in December 1917. At the same time American paintings by Emil Carlsen, Bruce Crane, Inness, Homer Martin, Minor, Sully, J. Alden Weir, Wyant and others belonging to John W. Redmond, Esquire, and other private owners. On free view from April 3.

April 7 and 8, afternoons: Oriental rugs and carpets together with modern furniture, silver, glass and china, to be sold by order of the owners, Dewitt C. Flanagan and Mrs. Robert H. Ingersoll and the Van Heusen Charles Company of Albany, New York. On free view from April 3.

April 10, evening. First editions of Mathew Arnold, Borrow, Bronte, the Brownings, Bryon, Fitzgerald, Meredith, Morris, Rossetti, Ruskin, Swinburne and Tennyson, all in original bindings and mostly in levant cases, from the renowned library of Mr. Edward K. Butler of Jamaica Plain, Mass. On free view from April 6.

April 11 and 12, afternoons and evenings: Nineteenth Century authors comprising finely bound library sets by order of the administrator of the estate of the late Mary L. Rogers of Boston: books with colored plates and an important extra-illustrated *Life of Cruikshank*; Kelmscott, Vale and Doves

press publications (a large number); rare first editions; manuscripts of Robert Louis Stevenson and other books; fine bindings by master binders; from the estate of the late Louis Mohr of Chicago, Ill. On free view from April 6.

April 20, 21 and 22, afternoons: Early American and English furniture collected in New England, historical china, lustre ware, glass, Battersea knobs, pewter, early metal lamps and sconces, old chintzes, over 100 rare and colorful hooked rugs, and an unusual collection of home-spun linen, to be sold by order of the owner, Mrs. F. H. Davis of Flushing, Long Island. On free view from April 17.

April 19 and 20, evenings: Etchings by Whistler, Zorn, Bone, Felix Buhot, Rembrandt, Haden, Meryon, George Bellows, Hassam, Pennell, Brangwyn, and others,—including such important specimens as "Roseta Mauri," "Madame Simon," "Ida," the "Precipice" and some thirty others by Zorn; the "Black Lion Wharf" by Whistler; "Piccadilly Circus," "Views in Leeds," and "Chiswick Mall in Flood" by Muirhead Bone; "Peter and Paul Healing the Cripple" by Rembrandt; and "Tixeranderie" by Meryon: together with an original water color drawing of Axel Herman Haig by Zorn and colored mezzotints by S. Arlent Edwards, H. T. Greenhead, Elizabeth Gulland, Miss E. E. Milner and Sidney Wilson. Comprising specimens from the portfolio of John Reid, Esquire, and Hans Hinrichs, Esquire, of New York City, and important duplicates consigned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. On free view from April 17.

ANDERSON GALLERIES

Park Avenue and 59th Street

April 3 and 4, evenings: The Sporting Library of a New York Gentleman.

April 7, evening: The James N. Rosenberg Collection of Etchings.

April 7 and 8, afternoons: Important Collection of Early English and Irish Silver.

April 10 and 11, afternoons: Private Library of a well-known Collector, with additions from other sources.

April 12, afternoon: Chinese Porcelains, Jades and Bronzes.

April 12, evening: Collection of Paintings from various Estates and other sources.

April 19, 20, 21 and 22, afternoons: Spanish Antiques brought to this country by Señor Louis Ruiz.

April 26, 27, 28 and 29, afternoons: A Collection of Early Georgian Silver and Sheffield from London.

WALPOLE GALLERIES

12 West 48th Street

Collection of Japanese color prints including prints from the Art Museum, Bremen, evening of April 1.



HIGH BRIDGE

Courtesy of the John Levy Galleries

H. E. GORSON



EIGHT BELLS

Courtesy John Levy Galleries

WINSLOW HOMER

THE FORUM

March 5th, 1922.

DEAR MR. FIELD:

Quite by accident I find in the February number of *THE ARTS* a letter of Mr. Carl Sprinchorn's relative to my article on American Water Colors at the Brooklyn Museum. By the same accident I am surprised to find as well, what would seem to be a gratuitous reply to this letter signed Editor. I use the word gratuitous advisedly inasmuch as it is not only customary but incumbent upon an editor to permit the writer of an article to speak for himself in any discussion which his article may evoke. The editor's position in any controversy is clearly that of intermediary merely. It seems hardly necessary, therefore, to point out that your procedure in this case, which, amusingly enough, indicts and convicts me without trial, calls for some comment. For as an at least 100 per cent American I object, and insist upon my constitutional right to reply for myself in your columns.

The outstanding fact which glares forth in Mr. Sprinchorn's letter and in your note as well, is that any honest discussion is neither possible nor desired, either by him or by you. You are both too busy resenting what I said to begin to think about it, much less to answer it seriously. Hence you both naturally resort to innuendo concerning my integrity and to a mild sort of vituperation. The psychological formula for this sort of thing is fairly simple—thus: If someone says or does something which disturbs one's emotional bias the sayer or doer must of necessity have set out to injure one in favor of someone else, must therefore be this, that or t'other, at best something rather disreputable. Q. E. D. This charming mechanism was, as everyone can still remember, popularized during the late though not lamented war. Then, if one's enthusiasm could not register 120°F., or if one had the temerity to question the evangelism of our late and also not lamented Allies, one was called names, all the way from pro-German to something dreadful.

This of course, is nothing else than a return to infantile reactivity which does not involve undue exercise of the mental apparatus. It is so much easier to make personal insinuations, to accuse and vituperate than disinterestedly to discuss or controvert, ideas. So much easier not to give a fellow the benefit of being, perhaps, an erring mortal but at least sincere in error.

Neither you nor Mr. Sprinchorn have been willing to give me the benefit of that doubt—in short, you have reacted to my article true to formula.

Thus I am, according to Mr. Sprinchorn, "high-handed," "presumptuous," my article is "a glaring piece of clique propaganda," etc., etc. You repeat the last charge, somewhat less directly and assert that I am "unfair to other artists, notably to Arthur Davies." It does not appear necessary to you to mention the names of these others nor to indicate in any way in just what the unfairness consists in Mr. Davies' case. It seems too bad that an article which you admit is "stimulating" does not stimulate you enough (or is it too much?) to give a reason or two. And one wonders as well whether Mr. Davies is not sufficiently strong to stand the "unfairness" of one "heard-of" or "unheard-of" "art critic" without your somewhat hasty intervention.

All these unsubstantiated charges, names and insinuations are, as I have said, quite obviously of not the slightest value as discussion, have nothing to do with my article. The only thing which calls for comment is the double charge of writing in the interests of a group or clique. Apparently the two are synonymous to Mr. Sprinchorn and to you, in whose opinion, if one does not maintain a magnificent isolation because of "preference or temperament," if one finds oneself in other people, in their aspirations and struggles, one is lost to "glory" and a propagandist. If true, how sad!

Well, let us assume that the everchanging group which has been called "291" is a clique, the Black Hand Gang of Art, the Mafia of the Muses. Where in my article does its nefarious influence appear? Of the following names which I mentioned as having been omitted or inadequately represented, viz., Max Weber, Abraham Walkowitz, Georgia O'Keefe, Charles Sheeler, McDonald Wright, Thomas Benton, Childe Hassam, Charles Demuth and Man Ray, just one, Georgia O'Keefe, might be said to be a member of a group. Just four, Weber, Walkowitz, O'Keefe and Wright ever showed their work at "291." Mr. Hassam will, I am sure, bear me out that he never had anything to do with it. Of the exhibitors in whose work I found a vitality of expression, something added to American painting, and therefore in my opinion to painting, viz., Homer, Demuth and Marin, one, Marin, might be called of a group. If there be any doubt about Winslow Homer I refer you and Mr. Sprinchorn to the encyclopedia. And it should be fairly plain from the above to anyone who has taken the trouble to read my "stimulating" article, really read it, that if this "291" vendetta is relying upon me to do its knifing it is out of luck.

As to Mr. Sprinchorn's phrases in which he at-

tempts to describe the work of Mary Rogers as "most spontaneously executed, highly sensitized, full and flowing, radiating always, like spiritualized sunlight, the warmth of her personality, expressed consistently from the very start in the colors that were her very own, red and gold," are not these words quite unqualified and meaningless? The mere fact that he would bludgeon me and the reader with the assumed authority of a "score or more of recognized artists" (names for some reason unmentioned) indicates the weakness of his own valuing. I did not, as Mr. Sprinchorn has misread, ask that the work of a woman be feminine, but that it should not be thinly so. If it is profoundly feminine then it must of necessity be distinguished, as the work of Marie Laurencin and Georgia O'Keeffe is distinguished from the work of men. I do not find such intensity of expression in Mary Rogers. The word "nationalism" is not mine but Mr. Sprinchorn's and means nothing to me. I was raising the question whether or not painting has some relationship to the milieu of which the painter is a product and whether vitality of expression is not directly dependent upon such relationship. Mr. Sprinchorn says a painting is either a work of art or it is not. Perhaps if he is not too "bored" he will tell us just how one settles this simple question.

What I do find in the work of Mary Rogers is a cleanness and gentleness which would, were she living today, have found her amazed and embarrassed by Mr. Sprinchorn's knight errantry. For it should be obvious even to one who runs while he reads, that Mr. Sprinchorn's letter is merely a cover for his own resentments which are his affair and have nothing to do with either the work of Mary Rogers or my article.

PAUL STRAND.

[Your letter is amusing. "The outstanding fact which glares forth in Mr. Sprinchorn's letter and in your note as well, is that any honest discussion is neither possible nor desired either by him or by you." The "outstanding fact" is that you have proven yourself utterly incapable of understanding me or my desires. I do desire honest discussion and it is quite possible in THE ARTS. Drop psychological formulae and face the fact.

I quite agree with you that it is "incumbent upon an editor to permit the writer of an article to speak for himself in any discussion which his article may evoke," but have I thought of not giving you that permission?

As for my position in any controversy which may arise in my magazine, whether it is customary or not, I am going to put my oar in whenever I feel

like it. Why should I be bound hand and foot and gagged if I give my readers full liberty? There is too much "custom" and "precedent" in this world already, and THE ARTS rejoices in breaking any "custom" which is not good sound sense and that an editor should have less rights in his magazine than his readers does not seem to me to be based on common sense.

Don't you feel it just a wee bit ungenerous to complain that neither Sprinchorn nor I were willing to give you the benefit of the doubt and then to say: "It should be obvious even to one who runs while he reads" [it's awfully bad for the digestion, Mr. Strand] "that Mr. Sprinchorn's letter is merely a cover for his own resentment?"

And now, Mr. Strand, let me tell you that you have been so anxious to see insinuation in my remarks on Sprinchorn's letter that you have utterly misunderstood my position. Had I for one moment supposed that your article was anything but a sincere statement of your beliefs it would not have appeared in THE ARTS. I believe your article was absolutely frank and sincere. That you should have supposed that I insinuated anything contrary to that belief shows how little you know me.—EDITOR.]

Chicago, March 6th, 1922.

DEAR EDITOR:

A celebrated European professor of literature who has recently visited this country expressed himself very strongly about the looseness of our writing. He cited as an example Paul Rosenberg's article on Stieglitz in *The Dial*. He believed that such looseness of speech was inimical to clearness of thought. May I tell you, Mr. Field, that in Chicago we admire you greatly for that happy way you have of writing so that each word preserves its exact meaning and yet you are able to hold our attention without ever being over-emphatic. You see clearly, you think clearly and therefore you write clearly.

As an antithesis to your own writing I would place Miss Mary Fanton Roberts' appreciation of George Bellows. It belongs to the "gushing style of criticism." Her use of words is very loose and she cannot see. She considers Bellows a great artist and reads into his work metaphysical things which are absolutely foreign to his objective art. Having once classified the man she no longer sees what he is doing. The portrait of a boy reproduced in your last issue illustrates my point. Place your thumb so that it hides the face (and this boy's face has a family likeness to all of Bellows' portraits of children) then look at the total lack of construction of

the boy's body and hands. He does not exist. Study every portion with care and you will come to understand what I mean when I say that Mrs. Roberts cannot see. Her lack of sight, and it must be that, for your criticism should have opened her eyes to Bellows' shortcomings, accounts for her gushing style, her loose writing. Such loose writing is destructive of real art appreciation.

May I also tell you, Mr. Field, how grateful we are for your admirable Chicago correspondence. It is doing a world of good. Let me also express my hearty commendation that you have stood for fair play in the Society of Independent Artists. Your stand is helping us here for conditions are the same the world over. Everybody is talking of your sincerity and courage.

A. EDWARD STEVENS.

[There are in this world many different points of view. There is that of the materialist who sees the material universe and who denies that back of it there may be spiritual forces. Mrs. Mary Fanton Roberts is not a materialist. Back of the material universe she feels that there are spiritual forces and

these forces are not less real to her than the material universe is to you. You and I both see in George Bellows' art faults of construction, of drawing, which she does not see but because of that, should we deny that Mrs. Roberts does actually see in his art qualities which our eyes overlook? George Bellows would not have the hold he has upon the American public if he did not have the qualities which Mrs. Roberts perceives and which you and I in our blindness do not see. When you come to appreciate, as I long have appreciated, that no one person has the power of understanding all things but that we see but a few things clearly, you will cease to have the intolerance of youth, which shows in every line of your letter. How do I know you are young? you ask. How do I know that Hi Simons is young? I answer. I have never seen him but I'm as sure that I'm many years his senior as I am that you are still younger than he. The youthful spirit is quite a different thing from being young in years. I flatter myself that I have kept my youthful spirit even if I am dangerously close to being fifty years old.—EDITOR]

THE ART CALENDAR

BROOKLYN

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway.—Paintings from A. A. Healy bequest; Tissot water colors; pictures by contemporary Italian artists; Swedish porcelain figurines by Mme. Vicken Van Post; Benjamin West memorial exhibition starting March 29, pictures illustrating camouflage and protective coloration by Abbott H. Thayer and Gerald H. Thayer, starting March 29.

MANHATTAN

(Exhibitions are listed in the order in which they would be seen by a visitor beginning at Washington Square and going north.)

WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB, 147 West 4th St.—Work by members of the club, through April.

BELMAISON GALLERY, John Wanamaker's.—Modern American and European paintings, to March 31; drawings and flags by Guy Arnoux, to March 31.

EMILE A. GRUPPE, 57 West 12th St.—Paintings by the artist, to March 30; 2 to 6 p.m.

SALMAGUNDI CLUB, 47 Fifth Ave.—Paintings by seven artists, to April 1.

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, 15 Gramercy Park.—Lithographs by Bolton Brown, to April 3.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Fifth Ave. and 34th St.—Sixth annual exhibition of Society of Independent Artists, March 11 to April 2.

KEPPEL GALLERIES, 4 East 39th St.—Prints by Lepère, to April 1.

SCULPTOR'S GALLERY, 152 East 40th St.—Exhibition of contemporary French art, March 24 to April 10.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FAKIRS, 11 East 44th St.—Paintings and sketches of the South Seas, by Oscar T. Schmidt, to March 31, 1 to 5 p.m.

MACBETH GALLERIES, 450 Fifth Ave.—Thirtieth anniversary exhibition; group of paintings by Charles H. Davis, March 28 to April 17.

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St.—“The Making of an Aquatint,” to April 30; “Old City Views,” American prints, to March 31. Etchings by A. H. Haig, to March 31.

DUDENSING GALLERIES, 45 West 44th St.—Boutet de Monvel and his friends, through March; fairy tales in water color by Eleanore Abbott, through March.

MONTROSS GALLERY, 550 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of new pictures by Horatio Walker.

KNOEDLER GALLERIES, 556 Fifth Ave.—Lepère wood engravings from Lotz-Brissonneau collection.

JOHN LEVY GALLERIES, 559 Fifth Ave.—French, modern Dutch and American paintings.

RALSTON GALLERIES, 4 East 46th St.—Exhibition of Barbizon paintings and XVIII century English portraits.

ACKERMANN GALLERY, 10 East 46th St.—Exhibition of modern mezzotints, through March.

SCHWARTZ GALLERY, 14 East 46th St.—Paintings by John J. Inglis, March 27 to April 17.

DANIEL GALLERY, 2 West 47th St.—Paintings and drawings and photographs by Charles Sheller.

ROSENBACH Co., 273 Madison Ave.—Barbizon paintings and rare books.

BROWN-ROBERTSON GALLERIES, 415 Madison Ave.—Portrait etchings by Pierre Nuytens, to April 8.

MUSEUM OF FRENCH ART, 599 Fifth Ave.—Loan exhibition of work by Odilon Redon.

FERARGIL GALLERIES, 607 Fifth Ave.—Paintings by Carlsen, Weir, Redfield and Davies.

BABCOCK GALLERIES, 19 East 49th St.—Western Paintings by Lone Wolf, March 27 to April 8.

FERARGIL STUDIO, 24 East 49th St.—Pastels by Arthur B. Davies, to April 1.

STERNER GALLERY, 22 West 49th St.—Paintings Samuel Halpert, to April 1.

LEWIS & SIMMONS, 612 Fifth Ave.—Old Masters and Barbizon Paintings.

KENNEDY GALLERIES, 613 Fifth Ave.—Rare American prints, through March.

AINSLIE GALLERIES, 615 Fifth Ave.—Landscapes by H. M. Fisher, to April 6.

HOWARD YOUNG GALLERIES, 620 Fifth Ave.—Paintings by Corot and water colors by George Elmer Browne, to April 8.

REHN GALLERIES, 6 West 50th St.—Exhibition of works by American masters.

WILDENSTEIN GALLERIES, 647 Fifth Ave.—Costumes and settings for the *Chauve-Souris* by Nicholas Remisoff, beginning March 25.

MR. CHAMBERLIN DODDS, 28 East 52nd St.—Exhibition of works by Bolin, March 25 to April 12.

SCOTT & FOWLES GALLERIES, 667 Fifth Ave.—Beauties of the Court of Charles II, painted by Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller and other masters of the period.

KINGORE GALLERIES, 668 Fifth Ave.—Decorative panels and screens by Robert Chanler, to April 21.

BOURGEOIS GALLERIES, 668 Fifth Ave.—Paintings, sculptures and drawings by Maurice Sterne, April 1 to 25.

P. JACKSON HIGGS, 11 East 54th St.—Early Chinese porcelains and bronzes, through April.

FEARON GALLERIES, 25 West 54th St.—Three great English masterpieces, to April 1.

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES, 680 Fifth Ave.—Paintings by Gifford Beal, to March 31.

EHRICH GALLERIES, 707 Fifth Ave.—Pencil portraits by Helen Peale and a selected group of early American portraits, including Charles Willson Peale and his contemporaries, March 28 to April 11; Lustre and glass by Sarah Comer, to March 31.

ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS, 709 Fifth Ave.—Old Masters and Barbizon paintings.

HARLOW GALLERY, 712 Fifth Ave.—Modern American paintings to March 31.

DURAND-RUEL GALLERIES, 12 East 57th St.—Paintings and pastels by Degas.

FOLSOM GALLERIES, 104 West 57th St.—Paintings by American artists.

ART CENTER, 65-67 East 56th St.—“Good Taste in Dress for the young Girl,” to April 22.

BRUMMER GALLERY, 43 East 57th St.—Exhibition of Modern Artists of America, April 1 to April 30.

MILCH GALLERIES, 108 West 57th St.—Paintings of *The Garden of the Gods in Moonlight* and other paintings never before exhibited, by Robert Reid, March 27 to April 15.

MUSSMANN GALLERY, 144 West 57th St.—Paintings of the South by Margaret M. Law, to April 1.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 215 West 57th St.—97th Annual Exhibition, March 25 to April 23.

LOWENBEIN GALLERY, 57 East 59th St.—Permanent exhibition of small paintings by American artists.

GALERIE INTIME, 749 Fifth Ave.—Landscapes by Julie Mathilde Morrow, and Hindu Art objects by Brahma Behary Sircar of Calcutta, to April 4.

WEYHE GALLERY, 710 Lexington Ave.—Decorative prints and drawings.

ANDERSON GALLERIES, Park Ave. and 59th St.—Portraits of American Indians by W. Langdon Kihn; pottery, blankets, beads and leather work by Pueblo and Blackfeet tribes, to April 2; textiles and decorative paintings by Ethel Wallace, to April 2. Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture by the National Association of Woman Painters and Sculptures, to April 4-15. International Exhibition of Etchings under the auspices of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, to April 18-29.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park West.—Important collection of paintings by the old masters (open to the public, except during the month of August).

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Columbus Ave. and 77th St.—Permanent collection of works of art. Open week days, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Central Park at 82d St.—Old English Prints; memorial exhibition of Abbott H. Thayer, to April 30; selected Japanese Prints, beginning April 1.

HISPANIC SOCIETY, Broadway and 156th St.—Important collect of Spanish works of art, including paintings by El Greco, Velasquez and Goya.

OUT OF TOWN

THE ART CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA, 220 South Broad St.—Exhibition of oil paintings, to April 20.



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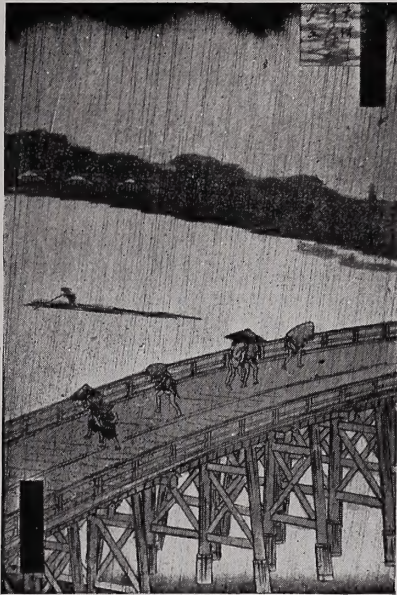
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